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Entered as second-class matter, March 1, 1897, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

JULY
1924

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VOLUME LXXIX
NUMBER 326

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MONTHLY
75c A COPY
\$6.00 A YEAR

Canadian Postage 60 cents
Foreign Postage \$1.08

CONTENTS THIS NUMBER

"SWANS"	By FREDERICK SOLDWEDEL	PAGE
Color plate—Cover		
"CHARLEMAGNE WINDOW, CHARTRES"		
Color plate—Frontispiece		
WINDOWS OF OLD FRANCE	CHARLES J. CONNICK	239
Three color plates and seven illustrations		
GOETHE'S LITTLE TALENT	PERRIN JOYCE	249
Four illustrations		
ANCIENT AZTEC MOSAICS	ADOLPHE BARREAUX	253
Nine illustrations		
MATTHEW PRATT, PAINTER	JO PENNINGTON	259
Five illustrations		
ELNE, CATHEDRAL AND TOWN	GUY EGLINGTON	264
Nine illustrations		
ROCKWELL KENT—VOYAGER	F. NEWLIN PRICE	272
Eight illustrations		
HALLER—MODELER EXTRAORDINARY	SHELDON CHENEY	277
Three illustrations		
WORCESTER MUSEUM ACQUIRES FRESCOS		278
Two illustrations		
AN OLD HOUSE RESTORED	JANE C. HOLBERTON	280
Seven illustrations		
SNUFFBOX IN ART AND HISTORY	MRS. GORDON-STABLES	285
Ten illustrations		
FURNITURE OF HISTORIC TYPES	MAJOR ARTHUR DE BLES	289
Eight illustrations		
LOUIS DESSAR, TONALIST	WILLIAM B. M'CORMICK	295
Three illustrations		
ART AND OTHER THINGS	GUY EGLINGTON	298
One illustration		
A SHELF OF NEW ART BOOKS		302
ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE		304
Five illustrations		
THE EDITOR'S FORECAST	THE EDITOR	306

TO CONTRIBUTORS

Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, Inc.
49 WEST FORTY-FIFTH STREET · · NEW YORK, N. Y.
LONDON : 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W. C. 2
PARIS : 26 Rue Jacob
TORONTO : THE CARROLL GALLERY, LIMITED : 117 King Street West

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PARIS

NEW YORK



Lower Third of the Charlemagne Window with Donor's Medallion (The Furriers), Cathedral of Chartres

Lumière by E. Houvet

WINDOWS OF OLD FRANCE

THE INTIMATE life and thought of the Middle Ages is reflected with vivid freshness in the windows of that period. No-where does one get a more fascinating impression of the

spirit of that time than in the medallion windows of France and England. Whether they are devoted to a simple narration of the parable of the Prodigal Son, to the life of a popular saint like Thomas à Becket, to a story with an allegorical accompaniment like that of the Good Samaritan, or entirely to allegory like the splendid symbolical window of Bourges, they abound in revelations of that colorful world. They mirror its vision, its labors and recreations, its loves and hates, its heroes and heroines.

A brilliant example of an engrossing story in stained glass is devoted to Charlemagne and Roland in the choir ambulatory of Chartres. The subjects were taken from a series of narratives which the glass man has cleverly utilized. Those by Archbishop Turpin and "The Song of Roland" are probably the best known. After the Furriers' "Presentation" medallion, the story begins with Constantine's dream, a stirring composition with Charlemagne in the full armor of the year 1200. The second panel shows Charlemagne receiving two bishops with a letter relating Constantine's vision; the third, a convincing battle in which Charlemagne delivers Jerusalem; the fourth, the victorious Charlemagne received by Constantine at the gates of Constantinople; the fifth, Charlemagne receiving from the emperor three reliquaries, which (in the sixth) he offers to the abbey church of Saint Denys. The window contains twenty-one excellent narrative medallion designs,

Religious and secular narratives in stained glass; medallions and later types; great figure compositions

Charles J. GONNICK*

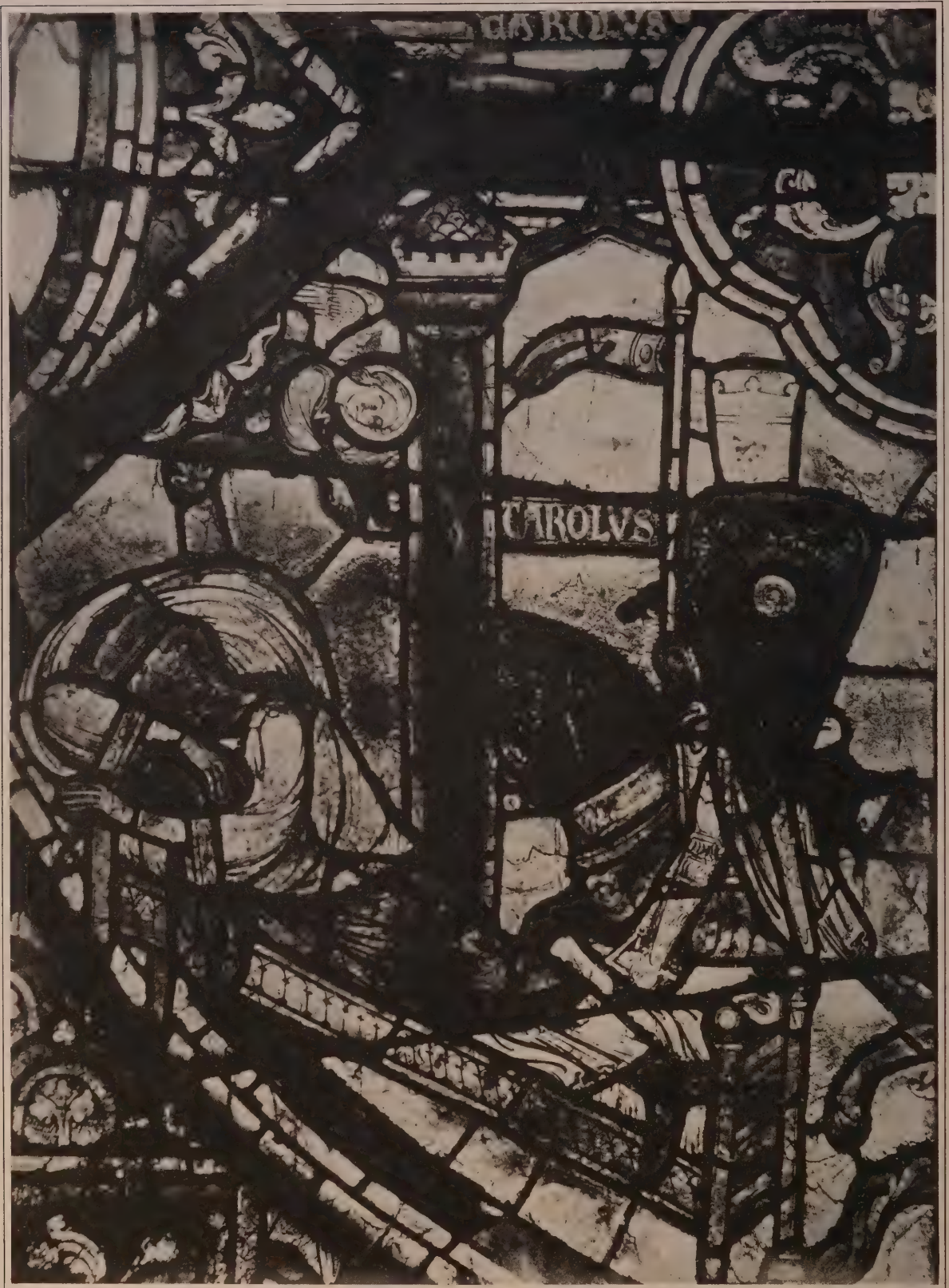
and it is prized as the most remarkable work of medieval art devoted to Charlemagne.

Poets, preachers and writers have always had a strong influence over the

glass man. Evidently they worked together sympathetically from the time of the Abbe Suger, who is said to have invented the Jesse Tree, to the fifteenth-century preacher-designers who left us human documents like the "Acts of Mercy" in York and the St. Edward window of Ludlow. Such influences probably formed and strengthened that unity of spiritual idea which we recognize in the windows of France and England, and a striking medallion at Canterbury may reflect the conviction of an apostle of the great Suger. It expresses, in simple design, Christ's appeal to the Pharisees, illuminated by words on a scroll in His hands. It gives briefly in metaphor the doctrine of salvation to which lines above and below add symbols of the indifference and hardness of the Pharisees—and, pointedly, of the worldlings of that later time as well. Theologians and glass men throughout the Middle Ages seem to have found a felicitous subject in the parable of the Good Samaritan. Excellent examples of its treatment in medallion windows of the thirteenth century are in Chartres, Bourges and Sens. All three show diversity of design and interesting contrasts in the presentation of the same powerful allegory. It is thus described by Abbe Delaporte in a recent article in *La Vie et Les Arts Liturgiques*:

"A man is attacked by thieves who steal from him his coat, which means that all the sins sent by the devil lay hold on him and rob him of his vestment of immortality. While he is lying helpless, a priest and a Levite pass. They look away

*Color plates from lumière plates in the collection of the author.



DETAIL FROM THE CHARLEMAGNE WINDOW, CHARTRES. AN ANGEL PRESENTS CHARLEMAGNE TO CONSTANTINE, IN A DREAM

and continue on their journey, symbolizing the ancient law, which was powerless to heal human ills. Then comes the Good Samaritan, who dresses

the wounds of the stricken man, puts him on his horse, and takes him to an inn. The Good Samaritan is the symbol of Christ Jesus. He heals the



MEDALLION IN THE "GOOD SAMARITAN" WINDOW, BOURGES. THE PRIEST AND THE LEVITE (A PRIEST AND A DEACON) PASS THE WOUNDED MAN WHO FELL AMONG THIEVES. FROM A WATER COLOR DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR

wounds of humanity and leads mankind to the inn, symbol of the Christian church."

A medallion in the Bourges window grouping the priest and the Levite, dressed as medieval priest and deacon, with the wounded man, whose bruises are defined by bits of ruby glass, is a notable example of the work of a distinguished designer. His skill is not more evident in his eloquent use of figures than in their contrast with his conventionalized tree. Its clever playfulness reminds us of the apple trees in our own orchards, and it typifies the love of nature so strongly evident in medieval stained glass.

Whether or not it be true that many English windows were made in France, it is undeniable that French glass was highly prized in England,

and there are records like that of the windows in Beauchamp chapel at Warwick to prove that its use was demanded by royal patrons of English glass men. But distinctive characteristics mark English windows of all periods. They are usually smaller in scale and lighter in color quality, owing to a more generous use of whites, an obvious concession to the milder light of England. In both countries there were reactions to the lovely, cool color schemes of the twelfth-century and thirteenth-century medallion windows which can be followed in many of the great clerestory and choir windows of the larger cathedrals that contain ancient glass.

About the time that silvery grisaille was introduced in response to the clamor for more light,



MEDALLION IN A WINDOW OF THE NORTH CHOIR, CANTERBURY. THE PHARISEES REJECTING CHRIST'S MESSAGE
FROM A WATER COLOR DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR

red and yellow became more dominant, especially in monumental figure compositions—warmer color schemes are evident in windows of the late thirteenth and the early fourteenth centuries throughout France and England. The seven windows in the apse of Chartres, devoted to the Blessed Virgin, are brilliant examples of this tendency. The openings are huge, each lancet being about forty-five feet high. The group of five centre ones shows a remarkable balance of cool and warm color, especially in a quiet light. In direct sunlight it is pronouncedly warm. The artist evidently realized the importance of equalizing the brilliance of the southern light with the more subdued light to reach the windows of the northern angle. In the

one at the left of the central opening the effect was rather overdone, and the window is noticeably dark when compared with the others, even in direct sunlight. The entire group represents the Glorification of the Blessed Virgin, patron of the cathedral, who, in the upper part of the centre lancet, sits enthroned holding the Christ Child. Dominating the left lancet is the well conceived great angel with the censer, made familiar through many reproductions. Below is the figure of Aaron. The three large windows on the right show the prophets who foretold the coming of the Messiah. At the base of the first window Moses is before a curious Burning Bush; Isaiah is above him, and, at the top, is a smaller angel with a censer. This



Second Window at Left, South Transept, Cathedral of Notre Dame, Chartres



The Great Apse Windows Devoted to the Blessed Virgin, Cathedral of Notre Dame, Chartres

Lumière by Macboud

magnificent group would naturally be associated with royal givers like those who presented the north and the south rose groups, but here the donors were the Butchers, Bakers, Drapers and Money Changers of Chartres.

The clerestory windows at Chartres are, most of them, related rather closely in scale and color scheme to the huge group of the apse. They are also more lively and warm, as a rule, than the lower windows. A memorable one contains the figure of Saint Peter in the left lancet, and that of Saint James the Great in the right. It was given by the Bakers, who are represented in the right lancet as baking the bread and in the left as selling it. Round loaves, rising like small balloons to the top of the base section on the right, attest the lightness of their bread. Another window contains one of the most attractive representations of military and ecclesiastical costume that remains from the thirteenth century: "St. Denys Presenting the Oriflamme to Henri Clement." The knight wears the costume of the first half of the thirteenth century with hauberk and stockings of mail and a loose belt from which hangs a sword, while the spirited figure of Saint Denys represents him as the patron saint of Paris, the most illustrious of the martyrs of France, wearing the ecclesiastical

CLERESTORY WINDOWS, CHARTRES. ST. PETER AND ST. JAMES, MAJOR



ENGLISH THIRTEENTH CENTURY GRISAILLE WINDOW
In the Metropolitan Museum, New York

costume of the period. In purity of color, especially in the exquisite quality of blue, this window reminds one of the great western group. It is a glorification of the medallion idea, for the incident is similar to those so often treated in small compositions, and, notwithstanding its huge proportions, it has the same naïve clarity and charm.

Grisaille in clerestory windows gave a pleasant



"ST. RADEGONDE" WINDOW, CHURCH OF ST. RADEGONDE, POITIERS, UNIQUE IN CHARACTER AND METHOD

effect of diffused light from above, and its success doubtless encouraged the later introduction of silvery canopies that marked the delightful quality of windows large and small in the late fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries, especially in England, where delicacy of texture and refinement of form flowered in examples still to be found in York, Wells, Oxford, Ludlow, Great Malvern, Warwick and other mellow old English towns. Cromwell and the "Puritan Flight," notwithstanding all their power and thoroughness, left some lovely stained glass in England. Grisaille with figures as color units, in single silhouettes, framed by canopies, and in groups or medallions, was probably carried further in France than in England. A

most engaging composition of figures on grisaille is the Saint Radegonde window in the church of Saint Radegonde at Poitiers. It is a boldly conceived window of the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century, closely related to earlier medallion windows. Radegonde was the wife of King Clotaire (a poor sort of fellow, we are told). Although she left him for a religious life, she wears the royal robe and crown of France. The artist in glass distinguished her also with a dominant personality. Here are recorded the doings of an executive lady with a firm mouth who carried off everything—even her friendliest miracles—with a high hand. From the washing of feet to the driving of devils from her bed, she was resolute and capable, an embodiment of virtues still dear to the housewives of Poitiers.

The wealth of ancient glass in France and its countless examples of unusual interest are bewildering to those lovers of the art who long to share its unique beauty with everyone. And although we be betrayed by the zealot's devotion into vain attempts to reproduce on paper the mysterious power and serenity of those old "curtains of fire," and although we multiply words of them with equal futility, we can voice to real purpose the clamor of an army of enthusiastic pilgrims: "See Chartres—two hours by train from Paris!"

AN EXAMPLE OF FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CANOPY WORK. "THE EPIPHANY," WITH ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND DONORS (LEFT), ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, BOURGES





"DER AVENTIN"

DRAWING BY GOETHE

GOETHE'S "LITTLE TALENT"

THAT is what it means to be a versatile genius.

You can speak not simply of talent, but of big talent; and in Goethe's case you can do even more than this. You can speak of

many big talents and of one little talent. Yet it was his little talent that he wanted most to develop. It was through it that for at least the first half of his life he would most willingly have expressed himself.

Goethe's little talent was that for drawing. Let it be added hastily, in fear of a tone of patronage, that it was Goethe himself who called it a little talent. But just as we reserve our tenderest affection for little things—for little dogs and little children and little flowers—so Goethe loved this small talent of his and would have had it grow to be a big talent, had that been possible. He might have succeeded in this had the seeds been properly planted and cared for. He might have succeeded in expressing himself in line, if not with the inspiration that brought forth his poetry, at least with occasional flickerings of genius had he received the proper training in his youth. But unfortunately the Germany of Goethe's youth

For nearly half of his life the great German poet endeavored to express himself through the medium of line

PERRIN JOYCE

offered little opportunity to the budding artist. Even if one had a drawing master, as Goethe had, one only copied pictures under the guidance of a teacher who knew little himself. Such

training could give no outlet to the tremendous conceptions that struggled in him for expression through the graphic arts and, failing to escape through this channel, burst forth into some of the most glorious verse in the world.

Goethe's first instructor in drawing and copying was his father—that devoted but somewhat stodgy parent who to the best of his ability gave his eldest son every opportunity for the acquisition of an excellent taste and judgment in art. In the home of his boyhood there were books and pictures, antiquities and objects of art and, perhaps most important of all, mementoes of his father's Italian travels—seeds which bore fruit thirty years later in Goethe's own famous journey. His father encouraged him to visit all the collections of paintings to be found in the neighborhood of Frankfort, to attend auction sales of prints and paintings and even occasionally to make purchases upon his own youthful judgment.



"RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES IN GIRGENTI"

DRAWING BY GOETHE

William A. Speck, in his paper on *Goethe and the Graphic Arts*, says: "That a man of Goethe's diverse activities and immense intellectual resources should, for a period of forty-five years, foster the desire to become a graphic artist although genius, the first requisite of success, was denied him, is an altogether curious phenomenon. . . . Frequently there is something truly pathetic in his allusions to his lack of capacity." It is a little hard for one denied even the blessing of an ever-so-little talent to pity a superman like Goethe, positively burdened with talents. Perhaps Mr. Speck means to imply that the pathos lies in the disproportion between the greatness of the craving to draw and the smallness of the ability to do so. Torn between his many talents, it is not strange that Goethe, viewing his struggles from maturity, should have decided that the one which was never properly developed was, after all, only a little one.

It was not until his sixteenth year that Goethe, released from the bondage of the drawing master, began to draw from nature. It was at this time that he fell in love with the unprincipled Gretchen who used his love for her to further the unworthy interests of one of her friends. The blow to his sentiment and to his pride drove him more eagerly than ever to the study of art, and he made almost daily excursions into the country to draw from nature. Much to the horror of his good father, these sketches were made on any bit of paper that was handy, no matter what its shape, size or con-

dition of cleanliness. In order to note what progress his son was making, good papa Goethe collected these odd-shaped, dirty scraps, cut them into regular shapes, surrounded them with neat black lines and placed them in a portfolio.

By the time Goethe entered the University of Leipzig, he had all of the adolescent's enthusiasm for his chosen career, and at this time his intention to become an artist was undisturbed by the later fears as to the extent of his ability. He studied under Oeser, head of the art school at Leipzig, but Oeser was unable to give his pupil exactly the training he needed, or thought he needed. Like most boys of his age, Goethe wished to see and mark a definite advance in his powers of expression; but Oeser was far more concerned in his teaching with the development in his pupils of a real love of beauty together with a sound perception and good judgment in the appraisal of art. In spite of his disappointment in the nature of Oeser's teaching, Goethe always admitted that he had influenced him more than any of his other teachers in Leipzig. Whether his teaching was good or bad for Goethe depends entirely upon the extent of his talent. If the talent was great—and some few of his drawings might justify such an opinion—then the important thing was to develop the powers of expression; but if it was indeed only a little talent, then Oeser was right in giving it at least an outlet through passive appreciation of beauty and art, since it could never be adequately

expressed in an active, creative form.

While at Leipzig, Goethe also studied under the engraver Stock and acquired what is referred to as a "respectable degree of efficiency" in etching. In judging these etchings, it must be remembered that Goethe was only eighteen years old when he did them; that he had had very little training. He made three etchings of landscapes, two after paintings by Thiele, then court painter in Dresden. Of other plates etched at this time, only two can be found, one a bookplate and the other a trade label. He also made several woodcuts but no trace of them remains.

Goethe's studies at Leipzig were interrupted by a serious illness which sent him back to Frankfort an invalid. During the enforced idleness attendant upon his convalescence, he made many portrait sketches. Two are preserved, a profile of his sister Cornelia and a drawing of himself seated at his desk. He read eagerly all that came his way on art and architecture.

When he became a student in Strassburg, he was deeply moved by the beauties of Gothic architecture. Gradually there came upon him that sense of futility which all creative artists feel when they first take in fully the beauty of things already created. This humility in the presence of really inspired achievement may be the real beginning of an artist's career, or it may be the end. In Goethe's case it was the beginning of the end. It was from this time on that he began to think of his possible talent for drawing as a very little one and to doubt seriously if it could be developed. Of the Strassburg period only two drawings in red chalk survive to indicate that he had not wholly given up the idea of becoming an artist. After his return from Strassburg and before his departure for Weimar, he continued his studies under Kraus, and under Lavater he experimented in anatomical drawing and in silhouetting, then the "new rage" in Europe. He also began to write art criticism. Six months after his arrival in Weimar he was appointed to a seat in the Advisory Council of the Duchy and began to interest himself in agri-



*Dieu a Mon sieur Goethe
Conseiller actuel de S. M. Imperiale
par son fils tres obeissant*

ETCHING BY GOETHE

AFTER A PAINTING BY THIELE

culture, horticulture and mining; and from this time on his interests were so many and so varied that his disappointment over his little talent was somewhat mitigated. He wisely translated his own thwarted ambitions into efforts for awakening and developing an appreciation of art in his countrymen, and his position in the court of Duke Charles Augustus gave these efforts weight and importance.

In 1786, when Goethe was thirty-seven years old, he set out secretly for Italy, his plans being known only to a servant. Most of his time in Italy was spent among its antiquities and the sketches he made during his two years there plainly indicate in which direction his interests lay. But his enthusiasm for drawing was unabated and it was at this time that he reached his highest point of excellence as a draftsman. In spite of his doubts as to his ability, he still hoped against hope that he might learn to draw well. He could not fail to realize that his powers of observation were unusual; that he saw more in the faces of his friends and in the aspects of nature than others



"VILLA MEDICI, ROME"

DRAWING BY GOETHE

saw. During these two years he made hundreds of sketches, in pencil, crayon, sepia and water colors. His letters speak of only two kinds of days: those on which he drew and those "schlechte Tage" when, because of rain or some other hindrance, he could not go sketching. It was his plan to use the sketches made in Italy for an illustrated edition of his proposed *Italienische Reise* but this plan was never carried out. After his death someone proposed that the sketches be collected and published but unfortunately few of the drawings had any mark of identification.*

But in spite of the continued enthusiasm with which he sketched and studied, there was gradually borne in upon him the conviction of his own mediocre ability and he finally determined to abandon art and devote himself to literature, science and his many activities as a man of affairs at the Weimar court. He said of his own work: "In drawing I had not sufficient power to seize the substance. I felt a certain dread of approaching my object too closely and restraint and feebleness were characteristic of my work." By the time he returned to Weimar from Italy, Goethe had definitely decided in favor of his big talents and

the beloved little talent was reluctantly put aside. His love of art was now wholly diverted into the channels of criticism and collection, and for the remainder of his life he added constantly to his store of prints. But this was small consolation, we may be sure. It could never have satisfied Goethe any more than it satisfies a great actor, in his old age, to sit before the footlights and watch a younger generation perform the plays he has loved so well. He who has himself performed makes a poor spectator. With every print added to his collection, in every article written about the paintings and drawings of others, we may be sure that the old longing arose, the old craving returned. All his researches and discoveries in science; all of the success that crowned his efforts as a powerful and influential man of affairs; the very assurance of immortality as a poet—all of these must have gratified him; but they could never quite satisfy him.

To the mother of several children, it is the one who dies that is most lovable, most beautiful; the one she would most willingly have kept by her side. So, to Goethe, to the end of his days, it was his "little talent" which remained nearest his heart even though he had been compelled to see it wither and die; even though his other talents grew and flourished to the very stature of genius.

*The edition of *Italienische Reise* published by the Insel-Verlag, Leipzig, in 1912, contains reproductions of Goethe's Italian drawings. It is from this book that, by courtesy of E. Weyhe, these illustrations of the drawings are taken.

ANGIENT AZTEG MOSAICS

WHILE modern Mexico and its people are today well known, Mexico of the past, the land to which adventurers flocked in search of treasure, occupies a vague place in the minds of even educated people. There is little realization of the great development in the finer arts of the races forming the great empire which the natives called Anahuac and which later, baptized anew by Cortes, became known as Mexico. Perhaps the greatest calamity accompanying the discovery of the western hemisphere was the ruthless stamping out of the flourishing civilization of the Aztecs and other Mexican tribes which, had their subjection been delayed a century, would have developed a superb culture and, in all probability, a written phonetic language of their own. Their intricate calendar system argued for intellectual abilities and their architectural triumphs are to be seen in numerous ruined cities scattered throughout Mexico.

In some of the lesser arts, the genius and technical skill of the Mexican craftsmen had made remarkable strides. In decoration they had attained a high development, fashioning and adorning many objects in both geometric and realistic designs, employing chiefly turquoise in lapidarian work but also making use of other stones, marcasite and shell. Their excellence in this art led to the working of idols, masks, shields and personal articles in mosaic patterns of minute composition. Many examples have been lost but records bear witness that those which Cortes sent to Charles V were greatly marveled at by the jewelers of Seville, who confessed their inability to imitate them. The

Feathers, precious stones, gold and shell of many colors were used to decorate the Aztecs' masks and shields

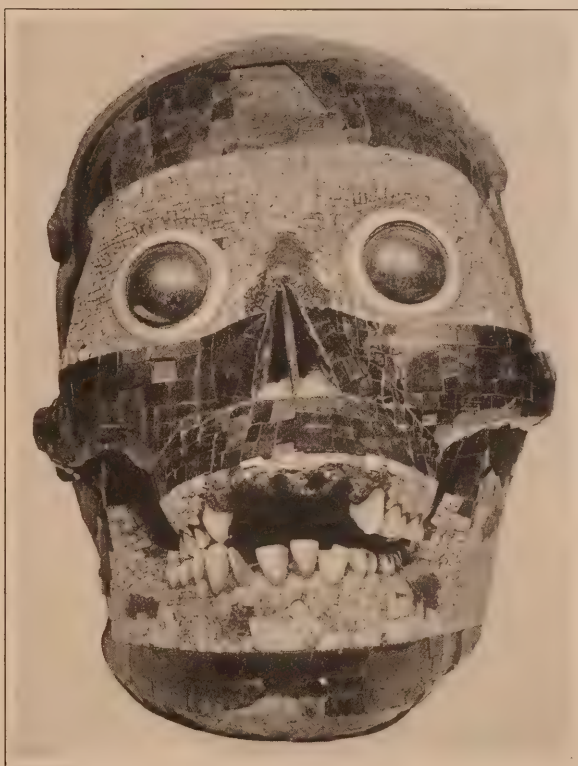
Adolphe BARREAUX

soldiers of the conqueror, so fond of gold, sometimes preferred these pieces to the precious metal. Sometimes today the Indians discover ancient jewels, generally, it is noted, of coarse workmanship. Unfortunately, either from superstition or from fear of being despoiled, they break them immediately. The most important example of Aztec turquoise mosaic art known to exist at the present writing is a richly incrustated circular shield now in the collection of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York. As

one of the treasures of American aboriginal civilization it is highly representative of the notable advance made by the Aztecs before they were crushed by Cortes. The rarity of specimens of this ancient Indian craft in the world today is due, no doubt, to its having been practised by only a few tribes. Apart from the Mexican region some interesting examples have been found in the pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico, and like objects, but of far less skilful workmanship, have been discovered in ancient burials along the coast of Peru.

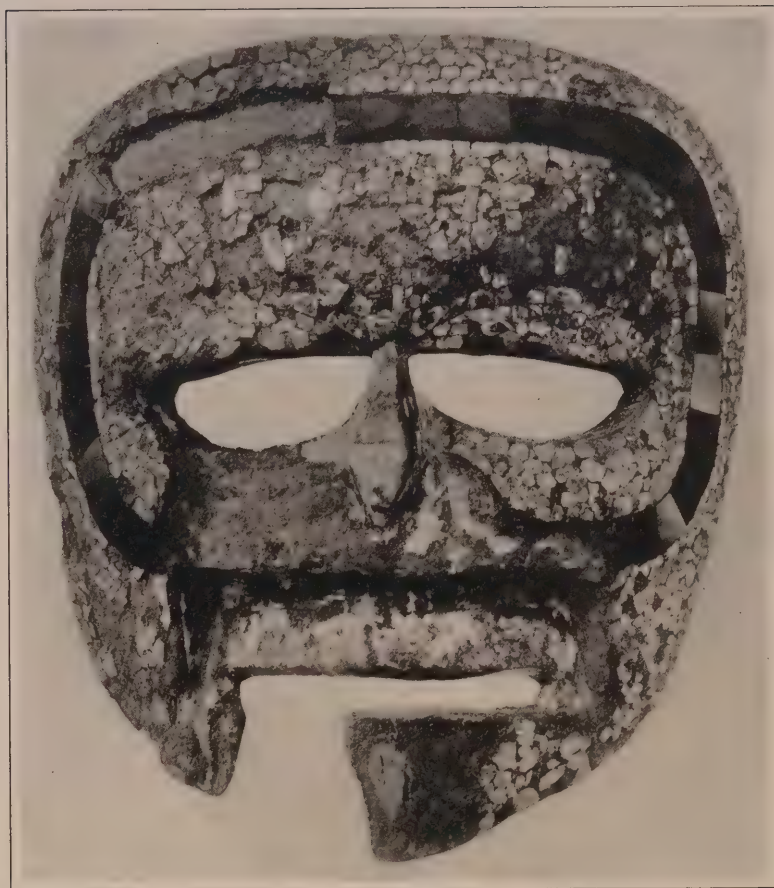
The Aztec jewelers were well versed in their art. They not

only knew the value of precious stones, but could cut and polish them. In the latter process, they used a fine sand; their methods of cutting are unknown to us. At the present time, the Indians are not only no longer able to cut precious stones but are entirely ignorant of the locality of the deposits formerly so productive. The materials principally used by the Mexican artificers were turquoise, jadeite, malachite, quartz, beryl, garnet, obsidian, marcasite, gold, bits of red and other colored shell and nacre. The base of the incrusta-



AZTEC MASK OF HUMAN SKULL WITH MOSAIC DECORATION

In the British Museum, London



AZTEC WOODEN MASK WITH MOSAIC DECORATION
In the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York

tion was usually wood, although stone, gold, shell, pottery and possibly leather and native paper were used. The mosaic was held in place by means of a strong vegetal pitch or gum (*tzinacanquauhcuitlatl*). The aid of fine feathers was required in the making of mosaics. There were in the palaces of the king and in almost all of the houses aviaries filled with richly colored tropical birds, especially of the parrot tribe, that were plucked once a year. Humming birds, which swarmed the honeysuckle bowers of Mexico, were much in demand, both on account of the fineness of their feathers and their delicate and varied hues.

A mosaic was almost always the work of several men. Having decided upon the design each of them began to work and often an entire day was necessary for them to match and



place a single feather. No imperfection in the work was tolerated; consequently it had to be altered many times. The workmen never touched the feathers except with the aid of a smooth substance for fear of rumpling them. The work ended, it was polished with exacting care; its smooth surface often caused it to be taken for a painting, a mistake which the Spaniards made more than once.

The enormous loot secured by Cortes in 1519 contained many treasures adorned with mosaic, according to the inventories which accompanied their shipment to Europe. Upon their receipt in Spain, the rich trophies were described by various chroniclers. Peter Martyr, who saw some of the specimens after they arrived by the ship *Santa Maria de la Rabida* from Mexico, interviewed a returning adventurer, one Juan de Rivera, concerning the wonderful new countries across the Atlantic. Much information, gleaned not only from Rivera but at first hand from Indian servants brought to Spain, went to make up his *De Orbe Novo*, first published in 1530. He speaks of "certain miters beset with precious stones of divers colors, among which some are blue, like unto sapphires;" also "two helmets garnished with precious stones of a whitish blue color: one of these is edged with bells and plates of gold, and under each bell, two knobs of gold. The other, besides the stones wherewith it is covered, is likewise edged with twenty-five golden bells and knobs: and hath on the crest a green bird with the feet, bill and eyes of gold." Las Casas describes "a helmet of plates of gold and little bells hanging

STONE IDOL: THE GODDESS COATLICUE,
WITH MOSAIC DECORATION
In the National Museum, Mexico

(from it) and on it stones like emeralds;" also "many shields made of certain thin and very white rods intermingled with feathers and discs of gold and silver, and some very small pearls, like misshapen pearls."

Mosaic objects formed a part of the annual tribute paid by some of the distant coast provinces to the ancient Aztec emperors of Tenochtitlan. The pictorial representation of some of these objects of tribute is preserved in an important native book, or codex, painted in colors on maguey fiber paper and known as the *Tribute Roll of Montezuma*. This codex is now one of the prized possessions of the *Museo Nacional* in the City of Mexico.

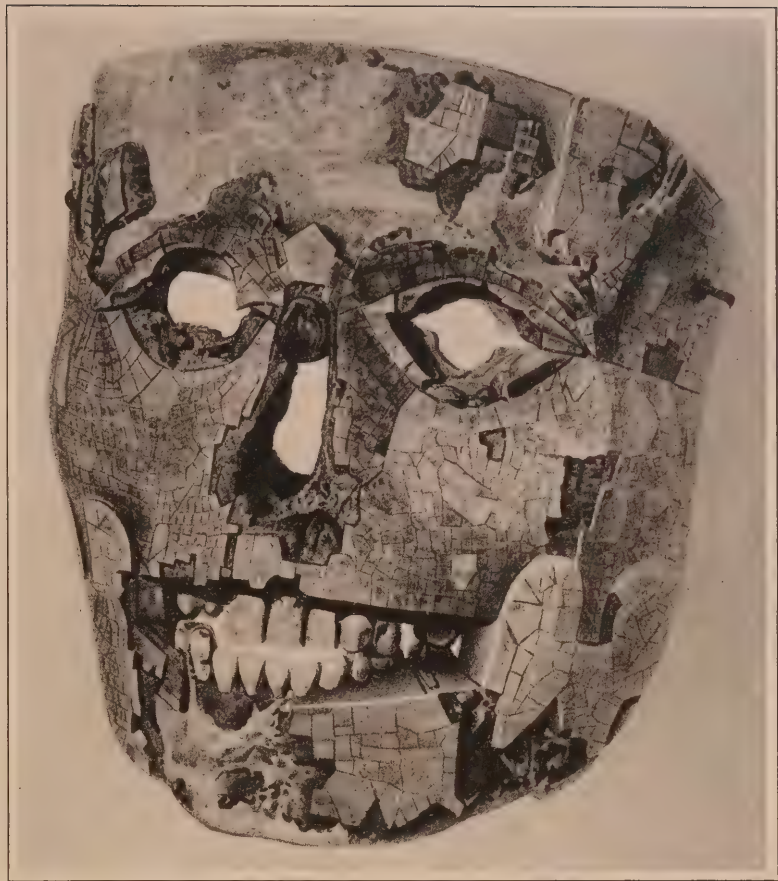
The source of the turquoise used in prehistoric Mexican art is an unsolved mystery. None of the Mexican deposits show evidence of having been worked in pre-Spanish times. It seems most probable that the Aztecs

and allied peoples, through trade with the tribes to the north, obtained supplies of the stone from

the Cerillos district (New Mexico) and perhaps other localities of the Southwest. The develop-

ment of the art of the mosaic-workers, like that of the lapidaries and goldsmiths, is attributed to the Toltecs, under the beneficent influence of Quetzacoatl, the hero god of culture who invented the arts of smelting metals and of working stone. Although such work as described was turned out by Aztec craftsmen it is esteemed highly probable that in times immediately preceding the Spanish conquest the Aztec rulers Ahuizotl and Montezuma received a considerable number of mosaic pieces through tribute and barter with the tribes occupying that territory which now forms the states of Vera Cruz, Oaxaca and western Chiapas.

Richly incrustated shields or *chimallis* played an important part in certain phases of Aztec life. They were of two distinct kinds: first, military shields used



AZTEC MASK WITH MOSAIC DECORATION

In the Ethnographical Museum, Berlin

AZTEC WOODEN HELMET, MOSAIC DECORATION

In the British Museum, London





AZTEC WOODEN SHIELD WITH MOSAIC DECORATION

In the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York

This shield, found in a cave in the Mixteca, Mexico, is the most important specimen of ancient Aztec mosaic known at the present time. The mosaic is composed of fourteen thousand pieces of turquoise.

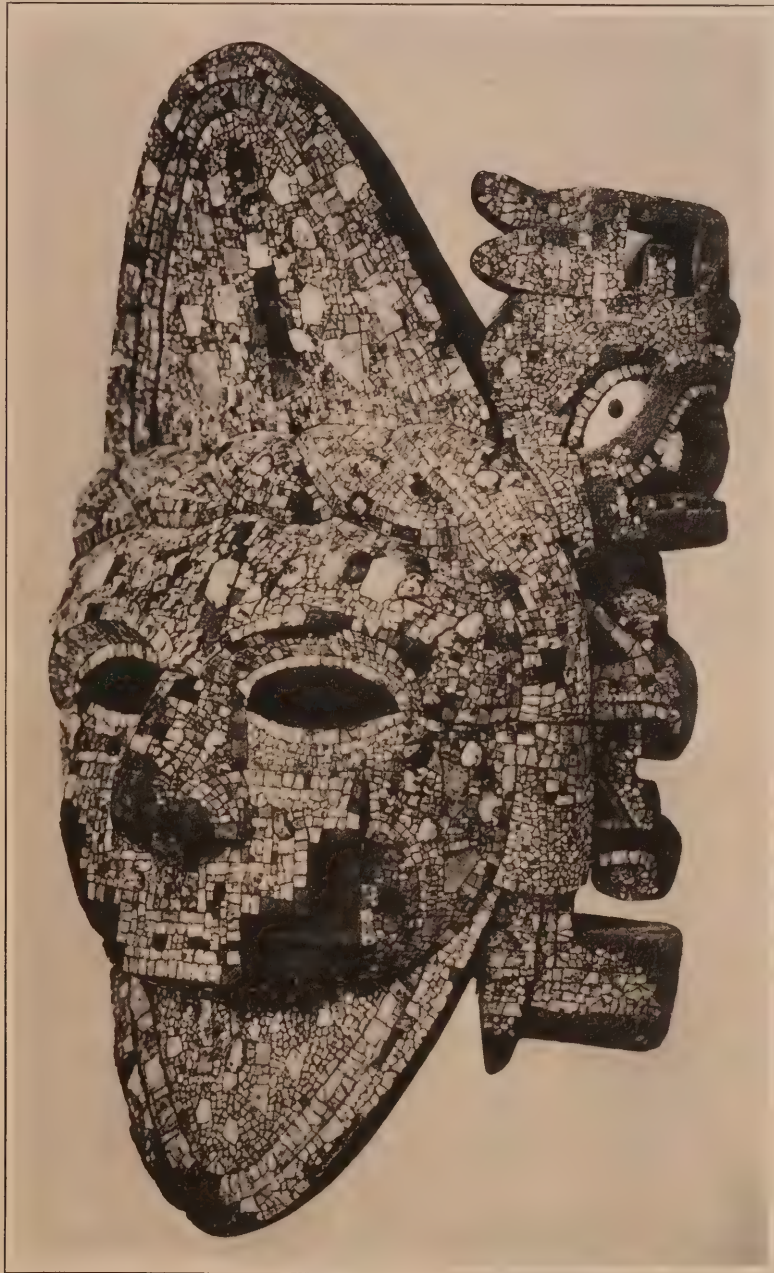
for protection in warfare, and second, shields carried for display in religious dances and festivals. They were made of various materials and in different shapes, but the round form prevailed. Warriors of rank had their position and achievements indicated upon elaborately decorated military shields (*totochimalli*) while common soldiers carried plain shields (*yaochimalli*) generally made of flexible pieces of bamboo held in place with coarse cotton thread. There were some large enough to cover the entire body, and by means of a mechanism somewhat resembling that of our umbrellas they could be shut up and carried under the arm. The most magnificent example, illustrated here, was undoubtedly of the class used for

display in religious rites. It was found among others in a forgotten cave in the Mixteca, Mexico. Professor Marshall Saville says concerning this discovery: "We believe that the objects in this cave deposit were used by the Indians after the Spanish conquest. . . . If they resorted to the cave to worship in secret their ancient gods, we can explain the worn condition of nearly all these . . . relics of a lost but not entirely forgotten civilization. There is not the slightest reason for doubting their origin in pre-Spanish times."

This shield is in an almost perfect state of preservation, a remarkable fact, considering the nearly fourteen thousand individual bits of turquoise that make up the composition and lend a

great fragility of surface. Most of these tiny fragments are circular in shape, of bluish and greenish hue. The diameter of the shield is twelve and three-quarter inches and it averages three-eighths

bluish green. The design represents a sun disc, with eight radiating pointers. The scene is thought to relate to the worship of the planet Venus, held in great veneration by the Mayan



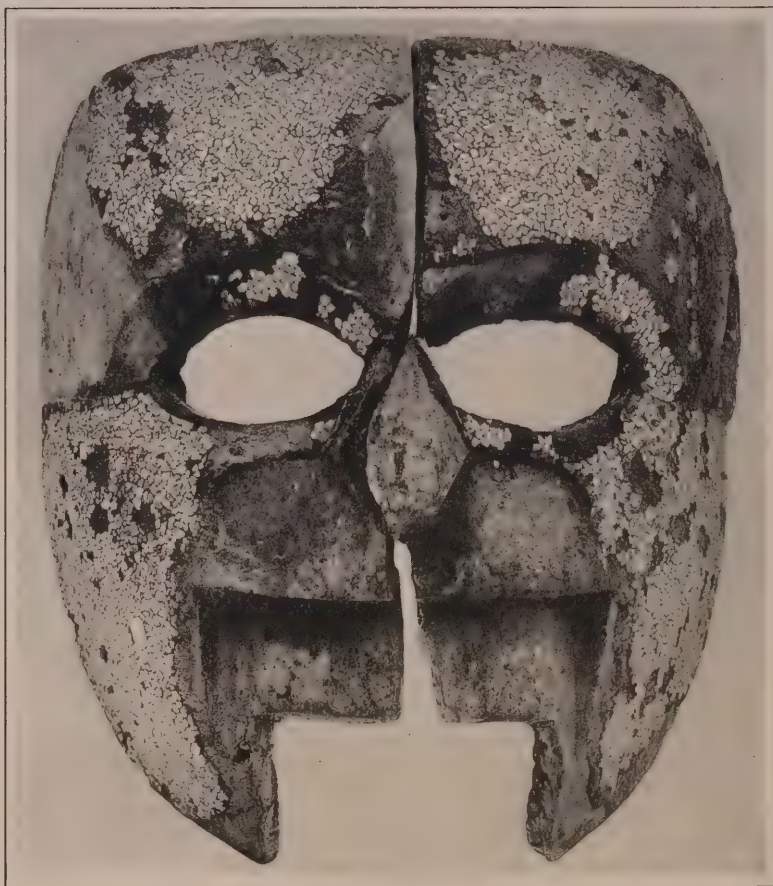
AZTEC WOODEN MASK WITH MOSAIC DECORATION

Masks of the type shown in the illustrations were used in religious festivals

In the Prehistoric and Ethnographic Museum, Rome

of an inch in thickness, approximately the same in all dimensions as another, but inferior, specimen which is in the British Museum. The material of the wooden base is uncertain. It is thought to be of cedar. With a superb esthetic sense, the incrustation has been set in its bed of gum with alternating masses of light and dark stones to bring about bands or zones of shading in light or dark

peoples. The upper horizontal band denotes the celestial regions, with the sun a rosette in the centre. A female figure, probably a goddess, is seen falling or descending from the sun. Facing the plunging figure are two human forms, one on each side, holding what appears to be a staff. Below is a hieroglyph, the familiar sign for Culhuacan, an important town in the valley of



AZTEC WOODEN MASK WITH FRAGMENTS OF MOSAIC DECORATION

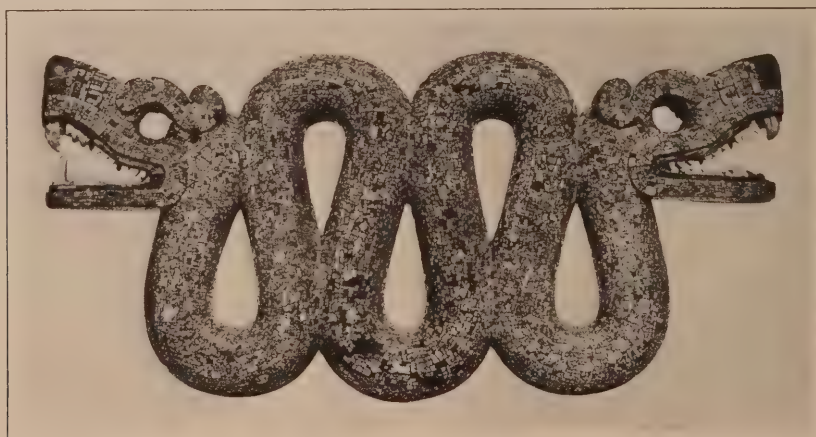
In the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York

Mexico in ancient times. The form of this glyph is a mountain with a curved peak. It is intimately interwoven with the legendary history of the ancient tribes of central Mexico. Through the two vertical ridges in the back of the shield are pairs of holes, evidently designed for the leather thongs that held it. The twenty-eight small holes around the edge were possibly intended for the insertion of feathers or other ornaments.

gold. Their names are strangers to our ears. Even their memory has all but passed away and the gardens of Tezcotzinco are desolate. Lizards bask and blink on the worn carvings, while the luxuriant grasses reach higher and higher to hide these relics of the centuries. Rich tropical foliage covers the crumbling walls and myriads of insects and creatures of the jungle inhabit, with bland tranquility, the courts of a once mighty race.

DOUBLE HEADED WOODEN SERPENT WITH MOSAIC DECORATION

In the British Museum, London



MATTHEW PRATT, PAINTER

PERHAPS it is because we can find out so little about Matthew Pratt that we find him so delightful. The picture of him in his setting is not made up simply of highlights. That

would be tricky, but in a sense complete. It is a picture that is simply incomplete, unfinished. The imagination must work from a very few lines to fill out a thoroughly charming portrait. One sees him going his modest way, completely overshadowed by his famous contemporaries—Copley and Benjamin West, his teacher, both of whom received credit for many of the pictures actually painted by Pratt. If he painted a good portrait—and he undoubtedly did paint many good portraits—the public said: “Ah, another painting by West.” And if he painted a bad portrait, they said: “Of course, what can you expect of a sign painter?” For modest Matthew did not scorn to paint a sign, or a fire bucket, or a flag; and even in the eighteenth century people spoke sneeringly of “commercial art.” But before his work can be judged, his life, so far as it is known, must be understood. The limitations and difficulties

under which he labored were not only those common to the painters of his time; they were accentuated by his own modesty; by the fact that, though from childhood he had loved painting, and particularly portrait painting, he viewed his own efforts with such humility that neither in his own day nor in ours has he been given full credit for his achievements.

This story of Matthew Pratt begins in the present and with an incident sufficiently quaint to serve as a prelude for the tale that is to follow. It begins with the exceedingly improbable state-

An American artist of the eighteenth century who practised “the business of painting in all its branches”

JO PENNINGTON

ment that two artists were visiting an art museum. Artists, in a museum? Students, perhaps; not actual artists—not *successful* artists. One is a student; then one becomes an artist and

ceases to study. That is only reasonable. But these two artists were exceptional, otherwise they would never have discovered Pratt. They walked quickly through one of the galleries of paintings.

“Nothing here, of course,” said the red headed artist, hastening his step.

“Absolutely nothing,” said the bald-headed artist. But suddenly he stopped. “Hello, what’s this?”

The red-headed artist paused impatiently. The bald-headed artist went up to a painting hanging in a somewhat obscure corner of the gallery.

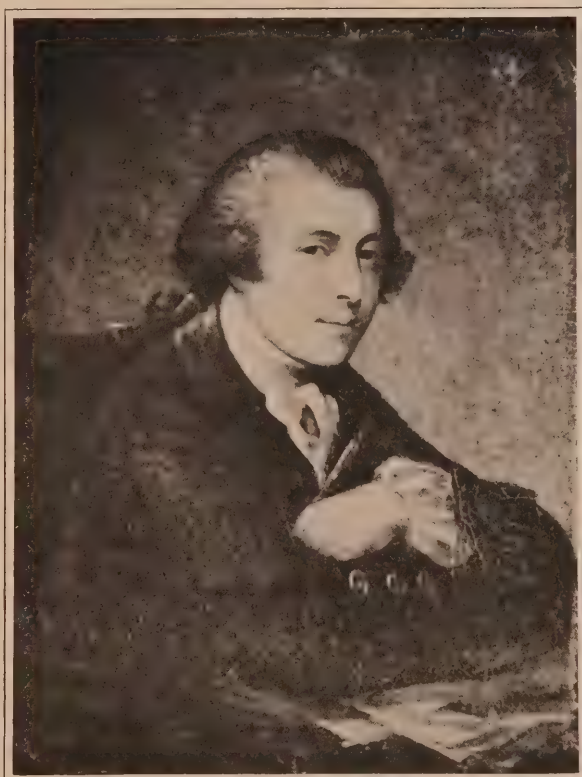
“I say, look at the painting in that sleeve! I don’t know anybody nowadays who could do that. What’s the chap’s name? Matthew Pratt? I never heard of him, did you?” The red-headed artist shook his head. Then without a word both headed for the director’s office.

“I say,” said the bald-headed artist to the director, “Who’s this Matthew Pratt and what else did he do?”

The director grinned. “So you’ve discovered Pratt? Well, Pratt was——”

The director’s story is too long to quote. It makes punctuation too complicated. This is his story, plus all that can be found out about one of our early American portrait painters, and one of whom we need not be at all ashamed.

Matthew Pratt was the son of a Philadelphia goldsmith. He was born in Philadelphia in 1734 and after an ordinary, common school education,



SELF-PORTRAIT OF MATTHEW PRATT (1734-1805)



PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN WEST

BY MATTHEW PRATT

he was apprenticed to his uncle to learn (in his own words) "all branches of the painting business." "This allusion to the different branches of the painting business shows plainly the degenerate state in which the arts were at that time in this country." The quotation is from Dunlap's *History of the Arts of Design in the United States*, and is given because the sentiment probably reflects the opinion of Pratt's own contemporaries. You may learn all branches of a business; but to learn all branches of an art is degenerate. Fire-buckets and portraits do not mix; Dunlap is sure of that. We shall see.

Little is known of Pratt's boyhood. It is recorded that at the age of twelve he could write twelve different handwritings, had painted several marine pieces, and was ambitious to paint portraits. He attended school with Benjamin West, who is an important member of the cast in Pratt's quiet little drama. Benjamin West had exceeded Matthew Pratt in artistic precocity (you must recall the twelve handwritings of Matthew's boyhood) in so far as he had provided himself with the materials of his craft in a manner wholly

unique. He was told of camel's hair pencils (what we now call brushes) but he had never seen one. He pulled hairs from the cat's tail and mounted them on a stick, continuing his depredations until the poor cat presented a sorry appearance. His colors he derived from sources no less original. The Indians taught him to make the reds and yellows they used for painting themselves, and his mother gave him some indigo. Equipped, therefore, with a "camel's hair pencil" and the three primary colors, Benjamin West set out upon a career that placed him at the head of the Royal Academy of London, and made him a famous portrait painter and the friend of a king.

Benjamin Franklin was one of Pratt, senior's, closest friends and Pratt was a member of Franklin's famous Junto—that workingmen's club which Franklin organized partly as a benefit society and partly as a debating club. Young Pratt, looking for free models, as budding artists so often do, chose his father's

friend for one of his early efforts and his portrait of Franklin is the earliest authentic portrait of the mighty Benjamin. It hangs in the Manor House at Yonkers.

There is no continuity, no coherency in Pratt's story. It moves jerkily from America to England; from his uncle's workshop to the palace of the king of England where he helped West paint portraits of the royal family; from the abduction of a fair lady and an adventure with pirates to the painting of a most realistic cock for a tavern sign. There is no composition in the picture. There are simply odd lines placed here and there and you must join them for yourself. It is like the game children play. One draws an irregular line, making it as unmeaning as possible, and then the unfortunate adversary must make of it a drawing which will represent some definite object, person or animal. So the next lines drawn in this sketch have no relation to what has gone before; but they have a definite relation to Pratt's work and they do give some idea of the times in which he lived.

In 1757 he set out for Jamaica on a business

venture. The good Dunlap assures us that this must not be taken as an indication that Pratt had given up his pursuit of painting. He was moved simply by a desire to see the world. This desire was fulfilled in rather greater measure than he had anticipated, for the capture and looting of his vessel by a French privateer may have given him a closer look than was altogether desirable. Fortunately a solid British vessel came to the rescue and Matthew, apparently quite unmoved by his adventure, settled down for a six months' visit in Jamaica. A year to two after his return to Philadelphia he married Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Moore, merchant, and four years later set out for Europe. This voyage was attended by, or rather preceded by, another adventure related to West; and it is told because of the close connection between Pratt and West for the next few years.

West fell in love with Elizabeth Shewell, a relative of the Pratts; but Elizabeth had as guardian an obstinate brother who swore she must wed a wealthy merchant of his own choice. Elizabeth refused; was locked in her room and all communication with her own true love, West, was cut off. They did not see each other for five years. During this time West went abroad to study and finally settled in England. He established himself in London as an artist of ability and then decided to send for Elizabeth. But again the obdurate brother locked her in her room. So three of West's good friends in Philadelphia stole to the house of the fair one, and placing a ladder beneath her window, helped her down it, into a cab and so to the dock where a vessel was about to sail for England. One of the three abductors was Benjamin Franklin. On board the vessel, with West's father who was to conduct Miss Shewell to her lover, was Matthew Pratt; and it was Pratt who gave the bride away when the marriage took place in London. The brother remained true to type and never forgave his sister. When West, hoping to reconcile him, many years later sent him a portrait he had painted of his wife, the brother refused to look at it.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. BENJAMIN WEST (ELIZABETH SHEWELL) BY MATTHEW PRATT

The bearing of this incident upon Pratt's life is important. He became an inmate of West's household in London and for three years studied under him. In fact, Pratt was one of West's first American pupils. So strong was West's influence on his pupil that he was often credited with portraits painted by Pratt.

After these three years of study in England, Pratt returned to Philadelphia and plied his trade of sign-painting and followed his profession of portrait-painting with varying success. He made a flying trip to Ireland and on the way home met with another adventure and again came to the rescue of beauty in distress. As the boat was about to leave the dock, a young lady begged for help in paying her passage to America. She said that she came of a respectable Philadelphia family, had gone abroad to follow the fortunes of a worthless husband, and was eager to return to her home. No one would help her until her story reached Pratt. Dunlap must be quoted again, for again he displays that naïveté which makes all he tells us so delightful: "The characteristic generosity of an artist was at once excited. Pratt

became responsible for her passage money and conducted her safely to her grateful family in Philadelphia."

The rest of Pratt's career is unmarked by adventure. He lived quietly in Philadelphia, painting portraits when he could get commissions and painting signs, flags, and fire buckets when he could not. He was said to be a gentleman of pleasing manners and a great favorite in Philadelphia society. It is easy to believe. One sees all this in his portrait of himself and in all of his work, as well as in those incidents of his life of which a record has been preserved.

Pratt's portraits are so widely scattered that there is little record of them. Among the best were portraits of the Duke of Portland, one of the Duchess of Manchester, and a full-length portrait of Cadwallader Coldon for the New York Chamber of Commerce where it still hangs, and those of Benjamin West and his wife, which are now in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. "The American School" is a picture of Benjamin West's school in London, of which Pratt was the first American student. It shows West at the left "wearing green smallclothes and a black hat,"

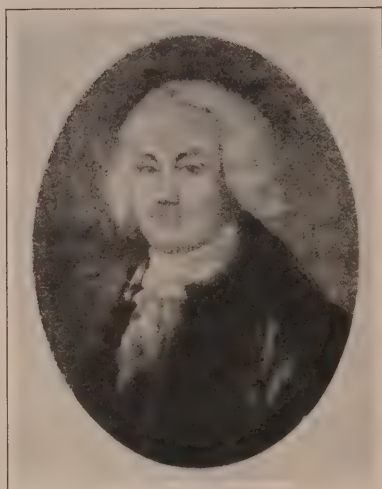
correcting a drawing held by Pratt, who wears a violet suit. It was the painting of these "green smallclothes" which first attracted the eye of the bald-headed artist who "discovered" Pratt in the Metropolitan Museum. A kindly critic attempts to apologize for the lack of proportion in Pratt's portrayal of himself by the fact that it is so difficult for an artist to scale his own figure; but the weighty Dunlap, passing over the drawing in silence, says tactfully that "the coloring and effect are highly creditable to the infant arts of our country." Mr. Charles H. Hart, who wrote much about men of Pratt's time, says: "When we recall that this picture was painted almost a hundred and fifty years ago by an American who had had less than a year's study in London, we think we are justified in calling it not only a very remarkable sketch but in claiming for it a high place in art and in the history of art in America." Another critic, speaking of his portraits, says that "they show a knowledge of values surprising in a painter of this period. His posing was often artificial but that was in keeping with the taste of the time, while his modeling was delicate yet clear and his

drawing always careful and correct. At his best he was the equal, and in some respects, the superior of West and Copley."

It is the faithful Dunlap who continues to guide us through the unrelated incidents and facts of Pratt's career. "It is well known that many a good painter has condescended—and many a one has been glad—to paint a sign. I have been told that it is very common in Paris. . . . Devotedly attached to his profession and governed by the spirit of the times, and feeling that the legitimate path of the limner could not support an increasing family, Pratt painted at intervals a number of

signs some of which, until a few years ago, have been hanging in this city (Philadelphia). Amongst these perhaps the best was a representation of a cock in a barnyard which for many years graced a beerhouse in Spruce Street. The execution of this was so fine and the expression of nature so exactly copied that it was evident to the most casual observer that it was painted by the hand of a master."

Philadelphia in the eighteenth century was remarkable for its signs; and this is only natural when we remember that the painters of that day could



PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
BY MATTHEW PRATT

seldom depend upon their skill as artists for sole support but quite as a matter of course eked out their livelihood by the painting of signs. Pratt's signs were said to be broad in effect and loaded with color; there was no niggling in style or touch. One of the most famous was his sign of the Federal Convention which hung at the tavern opposite the theatre in Old South Street. It represented a "group of venerable personages engaged in public discussion." It was painted soon after the adoption of the Federal constitution. The citizens of Philadelphia spent considerable time after it was hung in identifying the various "personages" though no one had any difficulty in recognizing Dr. Franklin whose venerable head and spectacles threw him into conspicuous relief. It would be unkind to blame Pratt for the distich that was printed beneath the picture:

*"These thirty-eight great men have signed a powerful
deed
That better times to us shall very soon succeed."*

When Diderot wished to hurt the feelings of an artist he used to call him a *peintre d'enseigne*.

He probably felt, with Dunlap, that a painter who studied all branches of painting contributed to a degenerate condition of art. Yet there have been illustrious precedents that more than justify our

There is a simplicity and directness about his painting, a naïveté, which seems to indicate that he did not know how good he was. Of course one sees in his work the influence of West; and it is



"THE AMERICAN SCHOOL"

BY MATTHEW PRATT

This is Pratt's famous painting of Benjamin West's school in London in which West, at the left, is shown criticizing a drawing or painting of Pratt's

own Matthew. Holbein began his career as a sign painter; Prud'hon, the romantic, painted a sign for a hatter. Chardin's first commission was for a barber-surgeon's device. Watteau made several signs, one for a picture gallery and one, appropriately enough, for a modiste. Greuze helped advertise the trade of a tobacco merchant. Gavarni and Carolus Duran both designed trademarks and Hogarth, though he might condescend to the drawing of a sign, usually affixed the signature "Hagarty."

It is more than probable that if Diderot had hurled his insulting phrase at Matthew Pratt, it would have been taken quite seriously, not as an insult but as a simple statement of fact. For Pratt, though he had loved portrait painting from childhood, probably thought of himself as a sign painter who occasionally was so fortunate as to secure commissions for the painting of portraits.

therefore perhaps interesting to read West's theory of teaching. "The canvas was promptly covered with color and then brought forward as a whole in regular, well-defined steps, which gave the student as soon as possible familiarity with the brush, the instrument he was to use, rather than with the charcoal point or the crayon. They worked freely and easily, even if sometimes inaccurately."

That seems a good place to leave Pratt, who died in 1805, working freely and easily if sometimes inaccurately; using color broadly and with no niggling in style or touch. That is the way one would like to paint his portrait, covering the canvas with color and bringing his image forward in regular, well-defined steps. Only unfortunately the important outlines are missing. The most one can do is to rescue him, in some small measure, from unmerited neglect.



Elne. (Pyrenées Orientales). Cloître galerie nord. (fin. 1386).
NORTH GALLERY OF CLOISTERS, ELNE CATHEDRAL. BAS-RELIEF ON NEAREST PILLAR REPRESENTS "THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN" AND THE "NOLI ME TANGERE;" THAT ON SECOND PILLAR "THE DREAM OF THE THREE KINGS." BOTH OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

ELNE, CATHEDRAL *and* TOWN

THE IDEAL way to travel is to pick out say half a dozen towns to which one is attracted—by reason of a cathedral, a cloister, an ancient battlement, or perhaps some purely natural

beauty, a river, or a view from a hill city—and draw the straightest possible line that will pass through the greatest number of towns. Impossible towns must be jettisoned till a more favorable opportunity. It is no matter that these are the very towns one most desires to see. They can wait. The high lights of a journey are seldom the things that one sets out to see; more often they are the unexpected, unknown places along the route.

It was so that I found Elne. I was in Paris, preparing to set out for Italy. On the way I had determined to visit Maillol at Banyuls, and see the Charonton "Coronation of the Virgin" at Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. It was a novel route to Italy, as a glance at the map will show. The Paris-Orleans-Barcelona line down to within a

*An ancient fortress town
in the south of France where
medieval spirit and art are
still preserved*

GUY EGLINGTON

few miles of the Spanish frontier, back on my tracks to Narbonne, round the Gulf of Lyons to Avignon and then all smooth sailing.

But though Banyuls and Avignon were my objectives, I was in no hurry to get there. The Romanesque had taken hold on me and who would pass through the south of France and not fill his eyes with this twelfth-century magnificence. I pored, as I trust the reader will too, over the map. Souillac: I remembered to have seen a curious column, composed on two sides of fearsome beasts which devour each other and on the third side the same beasts and a man whom they, devouring each other still, in turn devour. Montauban: little of antiquity here, but the birthplace of Ingres, where are shown the Primitives which he, the first almost for centuries, it will be remembered in his honor, brought back from Italy. Moissac: which saw, as some hold, the rebirth of sculpture; a superb tympanum of the Last Judg-



FAÇADE OF ELNE CATHEDRAL, TWELFTH CENTURY, PARTIALLY REBUILT

ment; two majestic prophets guarding the portal; mysterious reliefs; and one of the noblest cloisters in the length and breadth of France. Cahors: seen through a happy aptitude for taking trains in the wrong direction! Toulouse: sad case of a modern city burying incalculable wealth. Carcassonne: most perfect of medieval walled cities. Narbonne: where the ambition of architects outran the purse of princes, and a completed choir serves, as at Eton in England, for entire cathedral. Memories of *langouste* mingle, alas, with those of architecture! Perpignan: sometime capital of the kings of Majorca, who ruled over Roussillon, Cerdayne and the Balearic Islands, 1276-1344.

Collioure: port of Perpignan in the days when Perpignan cut a great dash in the Mediterranean world. Elne . . .

Advice from Maillol took me to Elne. Good fortune in the shape of bad revealed it to me. I was staying at Banyuls, resting, and struggling to understand the strange Roussillon tongue, struggling too to digest the too plentiful Roussillon fare and rich Banyuls wine. At Banyuls there was nothing to see, God be praised, but the sea before, open beyond the bay where the cliffs dropped sheer, and the mountains at back. Nothing to see, unless it were the bodies of the women. Maillol's models! I have heard Jo Davidson say

that Maillol never used a model. The most banal photograph sufficed for a masterpiece. But I have walked with Maillol in Banyuls and heard his internal explosions as a girl passed, the whole action of her body visible as she clambered over the rough stones up the hill. Who would give twopence for a Paris model when he has lived all his life among the women of Roussillon? There were Greek colonies in Roussillon in the fifth century, says Maillol. And one can believe it.

From Banyuls, when I had gathered a modicum of energy, I made excursions. Port Venires, Collioure, Perpignan, Elne, Céret. Maillol told me of out-of-the-way things, of the Citadelle at Perpignan, seat of the kings of Majorca, to visit which one must get permission from the military; of the Dévot Crucifix, almost shocking in its realism, yet saved by a certain fineness, a skeleton yet still a thing of beauty, a symbol to inspire worship, carved in wood by Roussillon sculptors in 1429, and hanging in a special chapel near the cathedral; of many other examples of Roussillon wood sculpture which I hope some day to study. He told me too of Elne. But one thing he neglected to tell me: that Elnè—the name, a corruption of Helena, was given by Constantine in memory of his mother—is a woman, and as such only truly reveals herself at night.

But what Maillol had forgotten, my own peculiar genius effected. I missed the last train. A little thing, you will say, if inconvenient. It meant spending a night in a dead country town, with crooked, uneven, barely lighted streets, through which one feared to wander. No one to talk to, nowhere to go, no cafés, not even a wine shop visible. At the “hotel” no comfort, not even friendliness, but rather distrust for the traveler *sans bagages*. Nothing for it but to take refuge in one’s room, gloomy, bare, unlighted. I made a frantic attempt to write a letter by candle light and then despairing dropped into bed.

No matter. I had seen Elne. Strange that day and night should make so much difference. I must surely have grasped something of its personality in the afternoon. A rock standing sheer in the plain—isolated outpost, as it were, of the Pyrenees—I had wandered from one end of the old upper town to the other, threading my way through incredibly narrow and tortuous alleys, between old houses that had taken their shapes and angles, it seemed, from the rock’s irregularities. White, angular, forbidding houses, standing cramped yet aloof, approached by perilous slabs of stone. Absurdly small in area—no more than six hundred yards by fifty across—the impression was so intense that I had the sensation of being

lost, imprisoned in an impossible invention of stage medievalism. And it was with something like relief that I escaped at last to where the houses end abruptly, and stood on the cathedral steps. Beyond the cathedral, behind the choir, a small plot of ground, where Maillol’s war memorial stands, then the rock ends and one looks over the houses of the new town, over the kitchen garden plain of Roussillon, towards the sea.

But if the impression had been powerful by daylight, by night it was nothing short of overwhelming. It burst upon me as I trudged wearily back from the station. A wall silhouetted against the sky, and through that wall a round arched gateway, whence a road dropped in splendid curve to join the lower road that skirts the rock. In the foreground all was black, rocks half concealed by shrubs. Only the line of the road was picked out sharply, faint towards the foot of the curve, growing stronger as it rose, till it reached the gateway, full in the glare of an arc lamp.

An arc lamp! The incredible symbol of modernity, hung as it were between the old world and the new, made plain the road only to render it more mysterious and impassable. The gateway, empty of its doors, gaunt against the sky, seemed to offer entrance to a dead city. And indeed, beyond the harsh light of the arc, no light was to be seen. The roof lines cut the sky in sharp angles. Beyond, the solid masonry of the cathedral tower reproved with its weight the almost frivolity of the nunnery belfry, creation of a later day. And one could almost fancy that this replied, taunting the old tower with the crowning indignity of its modern crenellation.

A dead city. City in which the houses had absorbed into their stones the personalities of their sometime inhabitants. Congregation of stones on a rock, dreaming. And, standing there in the darkness, I fell to wondering what might be the true age of that rock city. Roman or pre-Roman? Helena. Not every transalpine city received the honor of an imperial name. A maritime stronghold perhaps, for the sea, miles distant now, had washed up to its very stones. It were not hard to imagine it an island even in some yet remoter day.

And then its history. Through Roman days and the unsettled days that followed. The Moors, swarming northwards over the Pyrenees in the opening years of the eighth century. Forty years more and the Franks drive them south again. A century and a half on the fringe of Frankish rule. Then, with the end of the tenth century—independence. The days of Roussillon’s greatness. The Counts of Roussillon, marrying here, marrying there, fighting a little, growing in power, grow-

ing in extent of dominion. Ruling over Cerdayne, Besaln, Corbeil. Collioure fitting fleets for the eastern trade. Perpignan, holding the money bags. Elne, proud of her new cathedral, dowered with the revenue of countless estates, wielding from her rock power over the soul. Two centuries and a half of independence, a short span of greatness on which to dream forever.

But with the close of the twelfth century the days of peaceful development were at an end. And now, such is the irony of fate, the very geographical situation which had given Roussillon peace turned it into a battleground. She had gotten independence through being always on the fringe of receding empires. But now the tide set in the other way. Aragon, to south, pressed northwards. France, to north, pressed south. They met in Roussillon. Aragon was first in the field. In 1172 the last Count of Roussillon, Girard II, died, leaving for heir a grandson of the great Count Béranger III, king, through marriage, of Aragon. Aragon was henceforward, and down to the middle of the seventeenth century, master.

With one brief interlude. A romantic interlude, which has received its historian, but not yet its poet. For seventy hectic years Roussillon

formed part of the kingdom of Majorca. It came about through one of those fatal divisions of feudal inheritance. In 1276 James I of Aragon died, leaving to his elder son, Pedro III, the kingdom of Aragon proper, to his younger son the foreign possessions of the Balearic Islands and Roussillon, under the title of James I, King of Majorca. Three kings of Majorca there were in all, and between foes to north and blood relatives to south, their life was anything but calm. Yet so strong in Roussillon was the instinct for independence, so bitter the rivalry between Aragon and France, that for three-

NOTE: MAILLOL'S WAR MEMORIAL IS JUST OFF PICTURE TO RIGHT, OVERLOOKING TOWN. IT IS AN ADAPTED VERSION OF HIS FIGURE "POMONA"

See International Studio of October, 1923.





WEST GALLERY OF CLOISTERS, ENE. BAS-RELIEF "DOUBTING THOMAS" ON PILLAR. PROBABLY THIRTEENTH CENTURY
NOTE THE BYZANTINE SUGGESTIONS IN THE CAPITALS

quarters of a century they held their crown, if not their lands, intact. Elne might be sacked. Perpignan, proud to house a king, stood firm. At last France, in the person of Phillip VI, became insistent. The Signory of Montpellier was in question, homage to Louis demanded. The second James applied in despair to his brother of Aragon. It was Aragon's moment and she took it. Majorca fell. Roussillon fell. In 1344 the kingdom of Majorca ceased to be. Roussillon formed again and remained until 1641 a part of Aragon.

If the Majorcan adventure left one great monument in the royal Citadelle at Perpignan, the era of independence found its greatest expression in the cathedral of St. Eulalie on the rock of Elne. The former church had stood, it seems, in the lower town. Poorly built in days of uncertainty, with thought of the approaching end of the world perhaps, it stood, by the middle of the eleventh century, almost in ruin. Better days came, the fear of dissolution passed, and in 1058 it was finally decided to rebuild, not on the same spot, but for the sake of protection and the greater glory of God, on the rock itself. Now to remove the house of God from hallowed to unhal-

lowed ground was deemed a perilous undertaking. At least so the prelates, with an eye on the wealth of the temporal and the poverty of the spiritual power, maintained. So the bishop of Elne, Bérenger II, called together the bishops of Carcassonne and Girone, the archbishop of Narbonne, the Counts of Roussillon and Cerdagne and many other notables, and a great conclave was held. It was urged that such a step could not be taken wantonly, without due reverence paid and tangible sacrifice. Whether other and stronger arguments were used to unloose the secular purse-strings is not on record. But it is clear that then, as always, Mother Church was justified in her diplomats, and the new cathedral was not only inaugurated with seeming ceremony, but the bishopric dowered with such riches in lands, priories and other sources of revenue that for centuries it vied for wealth and power with the richest in southern France. Councils were held there, ecclesiastical decisions of great moment taken within its walls. Even if the world forgets Helena, forgets too the Counts of Roussillon, in the annals of the Church Elne is sure of immortality.

Reading through what I have written, it seems to me that in attempting to evoke something of the personality of Elne, I may have neglected to prepare the reader's mind for its sheerly physical aspect. I have used the word *romanesque*. I have spoken of wealth. Will not the mind jump forward, picturing some such façade as that of St. Trophime d'Arles, rich with sculpture? If so, I can only ask the reader's pardon for raising his hopes only to dash them. The churches of Roussillon can lay claim to no such superabundance of riches. Rather do they give at first view the impression of poverty, of an almost desolating austerity. Nude for the most part of sculpture, the very stone of which they are built has the air of being poorly quarried, irregular in the extreme, patchy. Simple enough in the first instance, siege and sack have modified almost to obliteration the original design, and never an attempt made to restore.

The façade of Elne is a case in point. The broken arcature above the main portal, the absurd crenellation, the clumsily patched tower would seem to point an accusing finger at the capacity of the Roussillon architect. Yet—in the long run the plus items outweigh the minus. Despite poverty, despite degradation, quality is there. And what is even more important, it is a quality which one comes to recognize as peculiarly of the country, Roussillonais. Look at the portal in the façade, a single spot of white marble on a red ground. How austere in line, yet in color creating an impression of richness. Three tones sufficed the architect. White in the portal, red in the stone, and for the deeper shade he relied partly on shadow and partly on plain, thin bands of black framing his arches. You can see traces of it still, in the remains of the arcature.

The other portal, that which leads from the church into the cloister, is more elaborate and less characteristic in design, being rather



TOMBSTONE OF A BISHOP (UNNAMED, DIED 1203) BY RAYMOND DE BIANYA
IN THE CLOISTER WALL, ELNE



DOOR FROM THE CATHEDRAL TO THE CLOISTER. NOTE THE TYPICAL ROUSSILLON CAPITALS AND EFFECTIVE IRON WORK. FOURTEENTH CENTURY

in the French than in the Roussillon tradition. Yet the eye of the Roussillon architect, the hand of the Roussillon sculptor, are unmistakably present, the first in the characteristic use of alternate red and white marble blocks (only one of several affinities which the Roussillon architect has with the Lombard), the second in the quality of the sculptured capitals. The doors themselves, strengthened with bars of iron channeled throughout their length and forged at the ends into volutes, are a fine example of Roussillon ironwork.

As to the interior, here again the reader will

be inclined to be repelled at first glance by its bareness, unless he penetrates to an appreciation of its purely formal qualities. Dome, rounded arch, dome, rounded arch, lead gravely to the half circle of the apse, the austerity only broken by a faint reminiscence, in the flattering of the final arch, of the arco triomphale of early Christian churches. An interesting detail, for it is the only corroboration which I have been able to find for a pleasant legend, according to which the bishop of Elne brought back from the Holy Land a plan of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On this



INTERIOR OF ELNÉ CATHEDRAL. THE ALTAR DATES FROM THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

plan Elné is said to have been built. It is a legend which one would like to believe, but the evidence is too overwhelmingly against it. Its value is rather in that it reminds us that communication between Roussillon and the Near East was fairly constant, a fact which may account for the form of many of the early capitals in the cloister.

The cloister. Passing thither from the church, the contrast is striking. For if the façade and interior are almost nude of sculpture, or indeed of any decoration whatsoever, a richer cloister were not easy to find. It is as though the Roussillon genius for decoration, denied outlet in the church proper through an almost puritanical cult of austerity, had here been given full rein. Not only is every one of the capitals sculpted, each with a different form, but the columns themselves are

turned, channeled, twined with formalized vine shoots, palmettos, covered with sea shells, fish scales . . . almost every imaginable form of decoration, hardly two alike. The sculpture is of two periods, corresponding with the building of the cloister in the twelfth century and its rebuilding, after the sack of Elné (1285), in the fourteenth.

And so I end, conscious that I have barely begun. History, topography, architecture, sculpture, all make their demands and not one can be fully satisfied. If I have said least of sculpture, it is because the subject is too complex to be tackled at the end of an article. Conflicting influences make development very difficult to follow. All I can do is point to the photographs. For the rest, I have tried to give a picture of Elné which should be outside the camera's power.

ROCKWELL KENT-VOYAGER

YOUTH and a mind that rides upon the seas, strong willed and pleasant, ready for tidal wave or multitudinous pearls that glow in peaceful beauty. Kent, looking on

The adventurous life led by a painter who began as a carpenter and who has visited far countries

F. NEWLIN PRICE

life and demanding new adventure, sees no great change from time immemorial. There is still the external attribute, and, still enthroned in mortal form, writhe hate and passion, or, as the case may be, thrill love and adoration. Youth, youth unsatisfied, wondering, dreaming, questioning youth, that fain would seek the numbers to life's mystery. He journeys forth to write or sail or paint, and, at last, he makes his record of those truths that come to him, conclusions greatly proved in his living. Then away again, youth still unconvinced, but rejoicing in the riddle. Kent has worked with his hands, day by day, on a house or a well (he built six houses on Monhegan), and on winter days he painted. He knows his hands—for him they exist to do more than carry food short distances—and so he passed from amateur to expert carpenter. Kent with a union card! Here was his first great victory, ability to use his hands, to make a boat or build a house. This was no conscious egotist;

he loved his work. It was his road to mature philosophy, these wells dug for two dollars each.

Pocontico Hills first received this journeyman in 1882. John D. Rockefeller

now owns the place, a glorious forest on the Hudson. At ten to a boarding school, a battle of three years against church and teacher in an Episcopal academy in Connecticut; then to the Horace Mann School for four years, a constant rebel, stubborn and argumentative. Finally to Columbia and its school of architecture, still searching for the "why" of things. He stood high in his class and there came to his family some solace—perhaps he had intelligence after all! He found a poet teaching mathematics, Professor Ware, and under him "learned and loved the dullest things." It was at this time that he visited the Pennsylvania Academy show in Philadelphia and felt sure he could paint better pictures. He began to study with William M. Chase and dropped his architecture like a vessel drunk dry.

From Shinnecock Hills and the painting with Chase (1898), Kent went to Dublin and the master, Abbott Thayer, to battle with that patri-

"VOYAGING"

BY ROCKWELL KENT





"WINTER—ALASKA"

BY ROCKWELL KENT

arch endlessly, but to receive from him something of the heritage of his great vision. Then came his first voyage to Monhegan (1906), to paint and carpenter, and to know the sea. Alone on that black island he confronted the exuberant spirit of his own youth and longed to write himself on canvas. Back to New Hampshire in 1909, where he married Thayer's niece, Kathleen Whiting, and to them five children have been born. Life settled down heavily upon his shoulders and he went (1912) to Winona, Minnesota, as a master carpenter. He taught art at Richmond for a year and, like another American painter, Emil Carlsen, has rendered drawings for architects. He was in New York in 1913 and, having acquired some funds, sailed forth to Newfoundland the following year, only to be expelled, like an impudent school boy. So he was employed by Abbott Thayer in his investigation of protective coloration in animals, earning



"THE NORTH WIND"

BY ROCKWELL KENT



"INDIAN SUMMER—ALASKA"

BY ROCKWELL KENT

twenty-five dollars a week and doing splendid work. Of his Alaskan trip in 1918 you have read

in his book, *Wilderness*, of which flattering things have been said, here and also abroad, where they

pronounce it "the finest thing since Whitman." Returning to Vermont he felt the *wanderlust* again and in 1922, in a lifeboat, a four-ton craft, twenty-six feet long, he sailed away to Tierra del Fuego. This you may know about from the articles in the *Century*, and from his new book, *Voyaging*. In line with his work as an illustrator it is well to note his work as "Hogarth, Jr." in *Vanity Fair*, virile, strong, imaginative, and, by way of jest, with "text by Rockwell Kent." He promises some day to go around the world in his little lifeboat searching out beauty, drawing, painting, creating,



"BEAR GLACIER—ALASKA"

BY ROCKWELL KENT



"ALASKA"

BY ROCKWELL KENT

in his living and in his work a vital vital human document.

No wonder that the selling of his paintings seems to him quite unimportant, with his resources as a "renderer" and his success as an author. What troubles him most is the shallow, low tide of esthetic enjoyment, and foolish dogma of production. When Whistler called a sunset ugly he was wrong. To see keenly and to portray sensitively is the artist's role. The laws beneath and through art are harmony and rhythm; they come to the artist for his personal interpretation, according to his power of apprehension. Kent never uses a model. Concentrating, he will dramatize himself into the situ-

ation, whether therein he would be relaxed or gripping tightly. He would use the camera on himself figuratively and literally to find out how



"TIERRA DEL FUEGO"
BY ROCKWELL KENT



"THE HOUSE OF DREAD"

BY ROCKWELL KENT

he felt or what he did in deep emotion or complacent amusement.

Originality? I find all, millions it seems, seeking originality. Dressing up to appear, making pretense, play-acting, all by intention. But genius is never self-conscious. There is little play for the element of originality in the human make-up, for the difference between folks is slight, even though no two are ever alike. It is the same with art. The "Adam" of Michelangelo will ever be a masterpiece, yet there will continue to be Adams in painting and sculpture to the end of time, or until the end of our art at least. Infinite yet slight differences exist for the artist; he retains the observation of them subconsciously and mixes with them an immense reverence for beauty even as a lover thrills and throbs. Only out of egotism rises the Tower of Babel. Other things than ego are important to the genius. Consider that line of Blake about the Saviour—"This is the race that Jesus ran, humble to God, haughty to man."

One of the greatest gifts that Kent received was from Abbott Thayer, his uncle. It was that great spirit's passion to condemn the self-expressionists, where most is needed self-forgetfulness, the hoboos of art, they who go in for value received, inflate their own importance at the expense

of their fellowmen, while the true artist stands absorbed in his vision. This difference makes for genius. Like a man well out upon a sea he loves, like a mariner who steers to some satisfying goal of truth and beauty, rising with the dawn, finding energy anew, drawing strength from past endeavors, the genius makes of his art a golden pathway of communication, between himself and his lesser brothers.

It is not true, that doctrine of many people, that beauty is for genius alone. Three college lads grow up, a banker, an engineer, and a painter. As time goes by they change, and at fifty they may feel totally ignorant of each other. Yet if each has really lived, they still can meet in truth and beauty, and never were they very far apart. It is the language of all people, intelligible in all places. It is a language that Kent can call his own. Rugged, clean cut, disciple of revolt, he seeks the truth. A mental machine well oiled, a spirit unfraid, pleasantly smiling, direct, he asks no quarter, but dwells in that delightful mood of youth, adventuring after life, thrilled by a beauty just enjoyed, beckoned ever onward by a truth not far away. Always there is the truth which he has found and recorded; always there is a more complete vision which beckons him on.

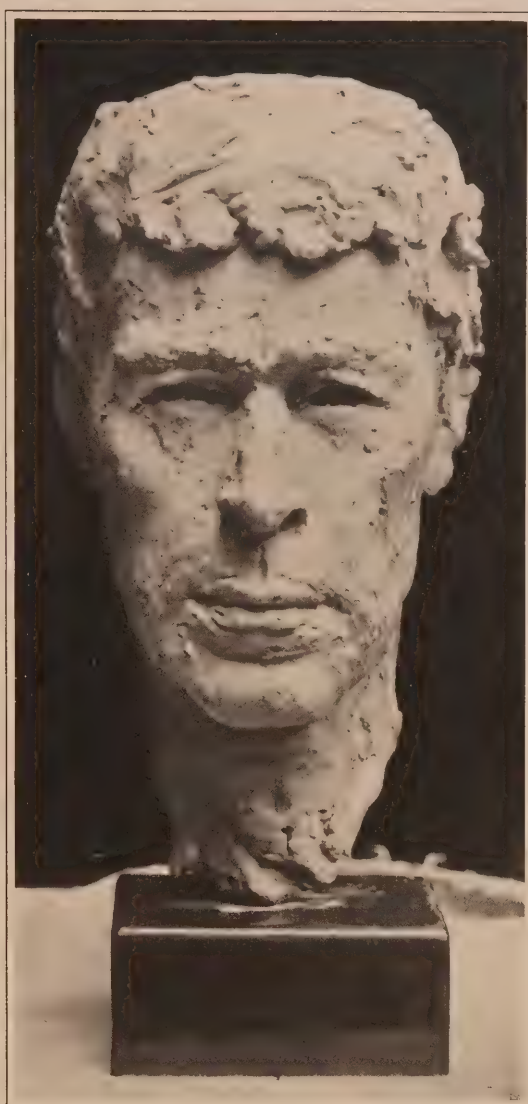
Haller—Modeler Extraordinary

"FIGURE OF A GIRL"
BY HERMANN HALLER



PORTRAIT OF CARINA ARI

BY HERMANN HALLER



PORTRAIT

BY HERMANN HALLER

*T*HERE has been a wholesome tendency lately to insist upon the importance of sticking within the natural limitations of the medium. Sculptors particularly have been insisting that true sculpture is cut stone, and that modeling a clay sketch, and then having assistants point and cut it in marble is neither honest nor likely to result in good art. Unless the thing is originally conceived as stone, the transferring from one material to the other is a sort of esthetic betrayal. In the midst of the controversy it comes with a refreshing sincerity when a sculptor steps forward to insist on the virtues of modeling as such, resisting the false transposition of his values into stone or metal, fixing his conceptions permanently in baked clay—terra cotta or "lustre ware."

Hermann Haller is a modeler extraordinary. His work is frankly and joyously clay. The nature of the earth is in it. He has capitalized to the full the lightness and plasticity of his medium. It is a warmer and more intimate medium than either stone or bronze and within its limits this Swiss sculptor is master.



"THE LAST SUPPER"

ROMAN FRESCO, THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Worcester Museum Acquires Frescoes

THROUGH the coming of the Renaissance in the thirteenth century Italian art was freed from the domination of the Byzantine tradition and the clear flame of early Christian art, which had never been wholly extinguished in Rome, burst into a brighter radiance there while Cimabue, Giotto and Duccio were working in Florence and Siena. This movement was one of the greatest epochs in pictorial art, and because the history and culmination of early Christian art are illustrated in the two wall paintings, these two frescoes, recently acquired for the permanent collection of the Worcester Art Museum from a thirteenth century Roman church, are of great importance.

Thirteenth century murals are examples of transition from early Christian and Byzantine to Renaissance

These frescoes picture The Last Supper and The Crucifixion, the first being ninety-three inches high by one hundred and one and a quarter inches wide while the second is one hundred and sixteen and a quarter inches high by eighty and a half inches wide. In the arrangement of the groups of figures with their nimbused heads, the spectator sees in both frescoes the last influences of Byzantine art. In the human expressions and movements of the faces and figures he sees the influence of the Renaissance while the table and its draperies show how the early Christian art had persisted through twelve centuries. These frescoes are the only works of their kind and period in this country.



"THE CRUCIFIXION"

ROMAN FRESKO, THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Photographs by courtesy of the John Levy Galleries



THE "ACKERMAN HOUSE." BUILT IN NEW JERSEY IN 1800 OF RED SANDSTONE AND RECENTLY RESTORED
WESLEY SHERWOOD BESSELL, ARCHITECT

AN OLD HOUSE RESTORED

HISTORICALLY interesting houses, unless modernized with great care, are frequently either spoiled by lack of knowledge or made into museums that are uncom-

fortable places in which to live. Modern adaptations of the Dutch Colonial are sometimes very charming, but more often they have so completely evolved into a new type that they would hardly be recognized by our ancestors. Convenience and speed have been made the watchword without considering that neither need be sacrificed to beauty. Anyone particularly interested in the authentic old Dutch type will find some examples still standing in northeastern New Jersey. We have comparatively few old homes to cherish. They are well worth rebuilding.

Red sandstone was used, in these houses, chiefly because of its availability. It had to be removed from the fields before they could be tilled; Dutch thrift utilized it, but Dutch patience squared it, and, in the main part of the house, laid it with great exactitude, although they were less

In rebuilding the Ackerman House in northern New Jersey modern convenience and tradition are combined
JANE G. HOLBERTON

careful in the unimportant sections. It was a peculiarity of theirs that they always put their best foot forward. In the earliest houses the roof overhung the walls to protect the clay with which the bricks were put together from exposure to the elements; later a good lime mortar was developed and the walls consequently were built higher and the gambrel roof eventually evolved. The gambrel roof is one of the outstanding American contributions to building, being an outgrowth of the desire to have more space on the upper floors and at the same time to keep the roofline as low as possible. There are houses of this type abroad, but they are in the minority whereas in this country the gambrel has been a consistent development and used to such an extent that it has become typical of our moderately priced developments. This is especially true of building during the past ten years and we may be very grateful that it has supplanted the structural horrors of a period which may be classed as the era of gingerbread.



FRONT OF THE ACKERMAN HOUSE SHOWING THE CARE WITH WHICH THE STONE OF THE MAIN PART WAS LAID

It is interesting to note the evidences of conservatism in the early Dutch settlers. While the Virginians sent home for material to build their mansions, the Dutchman cast his eye about and made use of that which otherwise would have been in his way. Red sandstone, which was used for the walls, when cut square and laid by a man with some sense of color values is a most attractive material. The pleasing variety of tones is noticeable even in a black and white plate. The gable ends were usually made of clapboard, not only because it was easier to handle but also because wood was not as scarce then as now. The roofs were covered with hand-riven cypress or red cedar shingles which outlast the modern shingle and whose larger size, by making fewer lines, preserved the general restfulness of the gambrel roof.

It is pleasant to come upon a dwelling that after having survived the vicissitudes of a hundred and twenty-four years has been restored with a reverence for tradition, undoubted enthusiasm and a thorough knowledge of the principles of contemporary architectural needs. The picturesque details have been worked out with the greatest care. It is this attention to detail which bespeaks the artist. From the preservation of the attic fanlight to the new iron work on the cellar bulkhead or stairs, there is not a note that jars.

The vestibule addition, perfectly in keeping with the old house, and the modern terraces were made of stone acquired by buying a dilapidated red sandstone of the same period, carting the stone for several miles, all done that there should be no incongruity, as there would have been had new materials and old been indiscriminately mixed.

By the clever expedient of making the old service wing the main living room, the interesting old chimney breast with its bricked oven is made, as it should be, the centre of the home. The only suggestion of an overmantel is the face of the beam-like box set just under the ceiling. It is made of hand-hewn wood and put together with wrought-iron straps. On the under side is a small sliding panel which is shown open in the illustration; when closed it can hardly be discerned, certainly not unless you know where to look. It is a handy place to store small things and lends a distinctly romantic touch. On the right hand side of the fireplace are two trap doors; one of them in the ceiling leads to a fascinating garret under the ridge. It is always cool there and must have been used as a storage place for good things. In these degenerate days it houses cider—even cider is more intriguing when handed down from a mysterious region reached only by those agile enough to climb ladders. The trap door in the



THE STONE FOR THIS VESTIBULE WAS BROUGHT FROM ANOTHER OLD HOUSE

floor conceals a very practical arrangement, that of an opening in the outer wall which permits pulling the logs in from the wood-box outside.

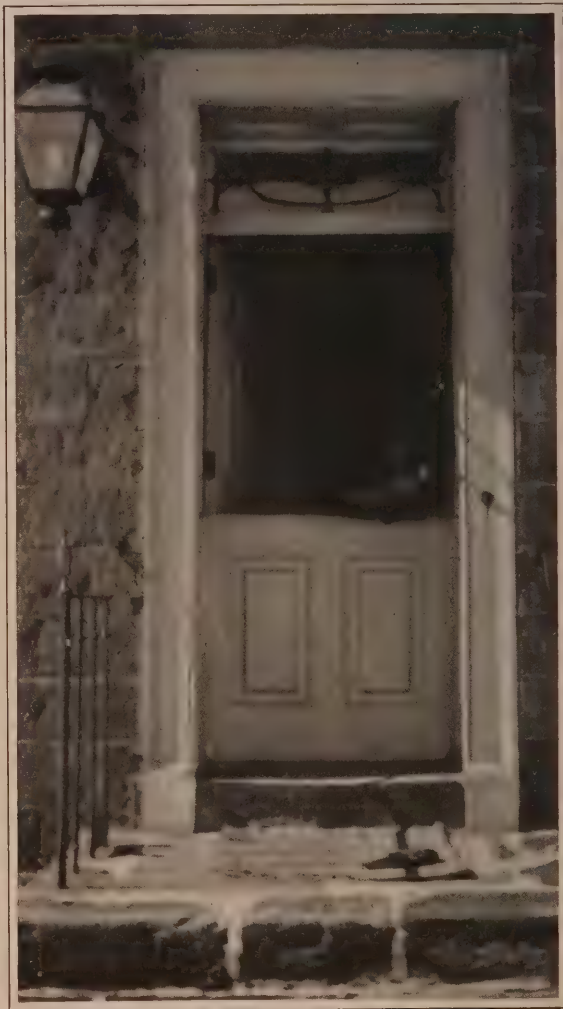
In order to make this generous room, approximately 25 x 40 feet, partitions had to be removed as the wing was originally in several small divisions. The ceiling beams were then uncovered and left exposed. Near the fireplace they are very black. No mere boxed-in rafters could give the atmosphere that these mellowed, blackened beams do. The fireplace is at one end directly opposite two arched openings through which, by going up two steps, one enters the main section of the house. The side walls of the living room are both broken by two windows and a door. The doors are of the true Dutch style, divided in the centre. They are made of solid oak with wrought-iron hasps and hinges. In summer with the upper halves of the doors open there is always a refreshing outlook—of the river, on one side, and on the other of several hundred feet of green lawn beyond which is the main highway.

The rest of the house was restored and renovated to meet modern living conditions satisfactorily. A master bedroom was made of the formerly little used funeral-wedding parlor with its lovely old mantel left intact. Adjoining is a bath-

room containing quite the last word in plumbing. In order to make this suite, the door to the main hall was blocked up and with space taken from the hall an ample closet made, and a new passageway opened under the stairway. While first planned for expediency it is one of the most engaging features of the house. It passes between two large upright posts—one of which is a stair support—the other was placed there to balance the composition and forms the terminal of a wooden grill which pierces the side wall at about four feet from the floor base. The dining room at the end of the hall is a delightful little room having an arched opening with two steps leading down to the living room. It also has an outer door opening on a terrace which overlooks the river. This is one of the original Dutch doors and has beautiful proportions. The panels are particularly worthy of note. The small upper division is unusual and is repeated on the under side of the lintel and on the jamb, whose depth attests the thickness of the old stone walls.

Next to the dining room is a tiled kitchen. A

THE DIVIDED DOORS ARE A CHARMING FEATURE



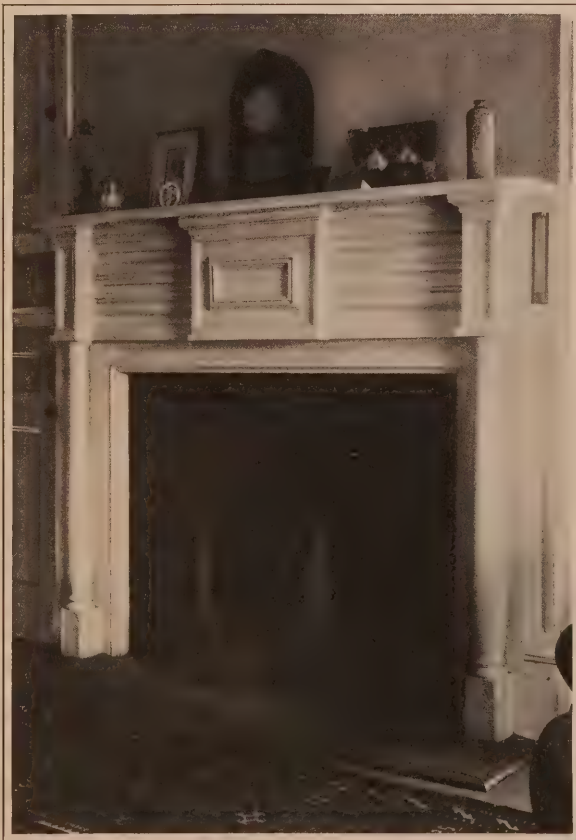


THE LIVING ROOM FIREPLACE HAS A SECRET CLOSET UNDER THE SHELF NEAR THE CEILING. THE NICHE FOR BOOKS IS AN UNUSUAL AND PLEASING BREAK IN THE WALL

kitchen entry has been built on the north side of the house of the same red sandstone as the main part. It was built primarily to preserve the balance of the exterior and not only does that but also makes a most adequate and sightly back porch. On the second floor is a study hall. Here, as on the first floor, honest construction posts and beams have been left exposed wherever possible. There is also a small guest room and bath. The entire front of the house is a master bedroom and study for the young son of the house. Here is his kingdom and here he reigns supreme. From the cellar to the attic

not an inch of space has been neglected. A story and a half was made of the second floor, which made a large attic space, well lighted by fan shaped windows. Not even the fussiest housewife could find a shortage of closets or of labor-saving devices; nor would the most meticulous critic of this architectural type find it a simple matter to pick flaws in the smallest details.

Sometimes there is a sense of confusion in the term "Dutch Colonial" arising, in part, from the fact that some of the houses are made of fieldstone, some of sandstone and others of wooden shingles or clapboard. By a study of the early history of New York and its vicinity, one realizes that the mode



AN OLD MANTEL IN THE TRANSFORMED "FUNERAL-WEDDING" PARLOR

of life had a great deal to do with the variations in the mode of building. On Long Island there was very little stone—hence wood was used. In New Jersey a plentiful supply of either fieldstone

and had lost some of the simplicity which was a part of their early charm. The detail of the front door of this house indicates that it was built a little later than the earliest houses of the neighborhood.



A CORNER OF THE HOUSE SHOWING THE CLAPBOARDED GABLE, THE CELLAR DOOR AND THE MAIN DOOR WITH ITS WELL PROPORTIONED PANELING

or red sandstone made for another form of construction.

Consistency being a thoroughly ingrained trait, when the Dutch became less provincial and wished to elaborate their houses, they started with the entrance front. Being too practical to give up such an excellent feature as the double door, they elaborated its details, spending more time on the paneling and on the trimming until by 1830 the entrances were showing classic lines

The house was, as a matter of fact, built in 1800 by a descendant of David Ackerman who came to this country about 1662. The site was given this later Ackerman by his father; his son Peter and grandson John were born there and the latter lived in the house until his death, when, the family having scattered, a caretaker was left in charge; it was finally sold after having been in the Ackerman family for nearly a century and a quarter, to Mr. Kingsley.



GOLD SNUFFBOX, ENAMELED IN FACSIMILE OF MOSS AGATE WITH WHITE ENAMEL AND JEWELLED BORDERS BY JULIAN ALATERRE, PARIS 1773

GOLD TABATIERE IN "QUATRE COULEURS" FINELY CHISELED WITH AL FRESCO SCENES AFTER WATTEAU BY JEAN JACQUES PREVOST, PARIS 1763

Both from the collection of S. J. Phillips

SNUFFBOX *in ART and* HISTORY

FOR NEARLY two hundred years, beginning in the second half of the seventeenth century and ending in the first quarter of the nineteenth, a snuffbox was the most conspicuous object in the personal use of man. The ritual of its use, which we now only see on the stage in romantic plays or in revivals of classical comedies, reflected the spirit of the times and the people of the countries in which it was used, the French polite world making this ritual as graceful and as charming as the jewelers of that land made snuffboxes things of the most exquisite beauty. When snuff-taking was first introduced into Europe the boxes used to contain the powdered tobacco were strictly utilitarian in character, fashioned of such materials as bone, horn, pewter, brass and wood, ornamented only by simple designs in incised lines.

But the intimate character of this personal accessory suggested enrichment and by the time the latter years of the seventeenth century had arrived, goldsmith, jeweler, painter and

Personal accessories that grew to be exquisite art objects of gold, enamels and precious stones

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

enameler were outvying one another in the skill and imagination which they were bringing to bear upon the snuffbox. As usual in matters pertaining to personal adornment, France was leading the way in regard to refinement of taste and was producing works of art that spoke eloquently of the artistic sense of the donors and flattered that of the recipients. The women, not to be outdone by the men, began equally to demand lovely *bonbonnières* of precious metals inlaid with stones or inset with tiny paintings by the foremost artists of the day. These sweetmeat boxes so closely resemble the snuffboxes that it is often difficult to decide for which purpose they

were originally intended. The larger specimens are often considered to be *bonbonnières*, but since extravagance frequently suggested that a dandy's snuffbox should be of excessive proportions, this distinction can hardly be deemed reliable. By the eighteenth century the art of the snuffbox had reached its zenith. Under Louis XIV

GOLD SNUFFBOX DIAPERED WITH BLUE ENAMEL, WITH MEDALLION OF PYGMALION AND GALATEA. FRENCH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

In the Victoria and Albert Museum





PAINTINGS ON VELLUM FROM AN OCTAGONAL GOLD SWEETMEAT OR SNUFFBOX BY ONE OF THE BLARENBERGHES. PARIS HALL MARK FOR 1766-7. MAKER'S MARK OF JEAN JACQUES PREVOST
In the Wallace Collection

both snuffboxes and *bonbonnières* showed rounded outlines; under Louis XV the oval shape tended to supersede the circular and the size to become smaller. In sympathy with the general refinement of taste, the ornament similarly grew more delicate and dainty. Under Louis XVI, the rectangular shape came into favor, the four-sided box being also found in many instances with truncated corners.

Of the names of the painters and miniaturists who lavished their finest work on these little boxes few records have been preserved. Though seldom bearing his signature, many of the most beautiful boxes produced under these three kings of France were decorated by the French jeweler, Petitot. Petitot was the son of a sculptor and architect and thus was brought up in an atmosphere in which he absorbed much that was brought to bear on his own craft. It was he who first perfected the art of painting in enamel, and many of the tiny scenes of domestic life, the flower pieces and the fruit motifs with which he decorated his boxes are so incredibly fine in detail, so clear in color and so pure in form

that one marvels how so faultless an effect could be produced in so limited a space. Among the French enamellers of the eighteenth century three men stand out supreme. They are Julian Alaterre, Jean Jacques Prevost and Henri Clavel. All three are represented among the boxes which we are privileged to reproduce from the collection of Mr. S. J. Phillips of London.

By Alaterre is the oval snuffbox in gold, enameled with a wonderful dexterity to simulate moss agate and enclosed in a border of white enamel and jewels, set in little clusters at regular intervals. In the classic style is the octagonal snuffbox of the period of Louis XV by Alaterre and Fouache in the Wallace Collection, in which

SNUFF BOX IN VERNIS MARTIN. WATTEAUESQUE SUBJECTS
In the Victoria and Albert Museum



subjects taken from "The Festival of the Graces" and the legend of Pygmalion and Galatea are painted on a ground of dark grey—*en camieu gris*. The exquisite little scenes are separated by spaces of emerald green translucent enamel over an engine-turned ground and some fine chasing further enriches the metal. The theme of the statue-that-came-to-life is again to be found, it may be noted, in the eighteenth century box



MEDALLION FROM AN ELLIPTICAL GOLD SNUFFBOX OF ADAPTATIONS FROM FETES GALANTES. ENGRAVED "ROUCHEL ORFÈVRIER DU ROY A PARIS;" PARIS HALL MARKS 1777-8, 1778-9; HALL MARK OF JEAN BAPTISTE FOUACHE. FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE
In the Wallace Collection

in the Victoria and Albert Museum in which an enameled medallion depicting the episode of Cupid blessing the birth of Pygmalion's work, is set in the lid. This oval box of gold is diapered with enamel in deep, full blue, a color particularly affected in snuff and sweetmeat boxes.

Examples of the work of J. J. Prevost are to be found in two boxes of practically similar date, namely in the oval gold *tabatiere*, dated 1763, from the Phillips collection and in the octagonal snuff-box bearing the mark "J. J. Prevost, 1762-8"

from the Wallace Collection. The oval *tabatière* is in *quatre couleur*, the gold being finely *ciselé* with al fresco scenes after Watteau. The octagonal snuffbox is also of gold, wrought and chased, and framing delicate paintings on vellum of a country fair and other popular and rustic scenes, by one of the Van Blarenberghes, probably Louis Nicolas, a piece of work in which the minutest detail is rendered with perfect clarity. The Watteauesque style of decoration makes its appearance constantly in connection with these eighteenth cen-

GOLD SNUFFBOX AND CIRCULAR BONBONNIERE DU HENRI CLAVEL, PARIS, 1786 AND 1779

From the Collection of S. J. Phillips





GOLD SNUFFBOX, GRAY AND WHITE ENAMEL WITH COLORED BORDER. NOTE THE INSCRIPTION, "GAGE D'AMITIÉ," FRENCH, LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
In the Victoria and Albert Museum

tury boxes, though in slightly different forms. One finds it in the snuffbox of *Vernis Martin* in the Victoria and Albert Museum, a circular box in which the painting is carried out on a gold ground, and in the oval box of gold, colored in two tints, from the Wallace Collection of the period of Louis XVI, and formerly in that of the Empress Eugénie. Here the paintings have been adapted from various *fêtes galantes* in Watteau's style. The box bears the mark of Jean Baptiste Fouache and is engraved by Roucel, *Orfèvre du Roy à Paris*, and stamped with the hall-marks of both 1777-8 and 1778-9.

Undoubtedly a love-token is the circular *bonbonnière* in gold, enameled in pale rose with jeweled borders, and bearing in the centre of its lid a plaque depicting a maiden bringing her votive offering to Cupid's altar. This, like the oval snuffbox in gold, enameled in royal purple and in opalesque decoration with enameled pearls enclosing a classical study of a man on horseback, is by Henri Clavel, and both are in the Phillips collection. In this beautifully designed snuffbox, rich in color yet restrained, the use of the pearls is very discreet and elegant, the drawing of the horse exceptionally spirited.

The use of the snuffbox as a love-offering or *gage d'amitié*, as in the oval box from the Victoria and Albert Museum shown at the top of this page, bearing this legend at the base of the curtain enclosing the pictured group, was, in the eighteenth century, as common as that of a presen-

tation gift from a monarch to his subjects or from some official body to a member that it cared to honor. Women delighted to bestow on husband or lover a little box adorned with a miniature of themselves. Hence the frequency with which the portrait-miniature figures among the decorations. Petitot painted many a portrait on his boxes, principally of members of the royal French family and of the court. Zincke was another eighteenth century artist who did much famous work of this kind. An example of his art is to be found in the oval box of tinted gold from South Kensington, in which his enameled portrait of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, is set on an engine-turned lid, engraved within with his name and the date 1717.

The presence of a portrait added enormously to the personal feeling conveyed by the gift of a box, and many such are cherished today in the families of the original recipients as among their choicest possessions. That such gifts were so regarded at the time of their presentation is suggested by the immaculate condition in which they have been preserved up to the present date. Those referred to, in every case have the air of having just emerged from the hands of the goldsmith. Their gold is as lustrous, their enamel as unsullied as on the day when they were finished. Doubtless they were regarded as too priceless to be used, except perhaps on occasions of the greatest ceremony, a second and baser example being actually employed for everyday purposes. This would be of a smaller size and flatter shape, more suitable for carrying in the waistcoat pocket than the larger deeper boxes that were meant merely to be gracefully waved by a white hand emerging from a ruffled coatsleeve.

TINTED GOLD SNUFFBOX WITH PORTRAIT BY C. F. ZINCKE (1717) OF SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
In the Victoria and Albert Museum



FURNITURE of Historic TYPES

VI. Louis XIV and His Great Cabinetmakers

"L'ÉTAT, C'EST MOI!"

This famous phrase, freely translated as "I am France," almost invariably, like another well-remembered modern phrase, taken out of its context,

explains why the styles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France bore the name of the succeeding sovereigns rather than of the period as in the Renaissance and before. On March 10, 1661, Cardinal Mazarin, who for eighteen years had held in his hands the reins of government, having been dead one day, Harlay de Chanvallon, president of the Council of the Clergy, asked the young king—Louis XIV was twenty-three years old at that time—to whom he should now apply for orders, and Louis, having profited by the counsels of his former adviser, the continuator of the Richelieu and also the Machiavelli tradition, and determined to rule in his own name from then on, replied, "L'État, c'est moi." If we look at the various styles in furniture and other forms of decoration in any art, we shall observe that wherever the monarch in whose reign they were formed was of outstanding strength, the styles became known by his name, because his influence upon them was predominant, generally through intelligent patronage of artists and artisans. During the Renaissance we find the *period* given as the name, with an occasional reference to a François Premier or a Henri Deux style, after two of the most important art-loving sovereigns of the sixteenth century. The Louis XIII period would appear to be an exception, for that monarch was weak, bigoted, narrow-minded and cruel, and indeed in France, except among the purists, there is no such thing as a "style Louis XIII." It is simply considered as a degraded Renaissance style, a transition into the more virile mode of his son and successor, Louis the Magnificent.

The so-called Louis XIII style was chiefly an importation from an Italy dominated by a strong religious feeling upheld by the militant order of Jesuits. In France, the architectural mode of the period of which the Church of St. Roch, on the Rue St. Honoré in Paris, is one of the purest specimens, is called the Jesuit style, and it is easy to understand how it came to be so firmly established in France, when we consider that the

Under his regime French artists and artisans were freed from the dictates of Italian modes

Major Arthur De BLES

mother of the king, Louis XIII, was Marie de Medicis, that her great minister, Cardinal Mazarin, was also an Italian, and that Italy in the seventeenth century was in the maelstrom of a

fast-descending degradation, both artistic and political. The "baroque" style was created in Italy by Borromini and spread all over Europe like a veritable plague of bad taste. But previously to this Louis XIII style the artistic productions in the fine and applied arts were known as being in the style of the Renaissance, both in France and Italy. The names of individual sovereigns in France, when used, were simply subdivisions, just as in the opposite direction, the names of individual cabinet-makers, *e. g.*, Daniel Marot, Berain, Roentgen, and so forth, were sometimes given as style names, subdividing the modes named after Louis XIV, XV and XVI. In England, while the art mode of the second half of the sixteenth century was a form of the Renaissance style, it is called Elizabethan because of the influence of the Virgin Queen upon the political events which led to its introduction.

We find similar phenomena in Chinese porcelain when we talk of Han, or T'ang, or Sung, or Ming wares, sometimes sub-dividing the later years of the last-named dynasty by the use of an emperor's name, *e. g.*, "Wan-Li enameled ware." But we never speak of "Ch'ing" wares, except in a very general way. We almost invariably call them Kang'hsi, or Yung-Cheng, or Ch'ien Lung, porcelains, because these emperors themselves took great interest in the development of ceramics, and by the orders given to the carefully-appointed viceroys of the province of Kiang-si, where the imperial factory of Ching-te-Chen was situated, gave a direct impulse to the industry.

In respect of Japanese color-prints, a form of art which was thoroughly despised by all well-bred, cultured Japanese, we find no period name attached to them, hardly even a century, and they are simply divided into classes of work: primitive, or polychromes, or landscapes, etc. In England, during the Stuart dynasty regime, the general feeling of the whole succession ran toward the support of art by intelligent patronage of artists and craftsmen, and so the period is called

Jacobean, which has no reference to James I personally as a founder of style forms, but is used as was the term "Jacobite" for supporters of the Stuart claims against the Dutch "usurpers." The term came from James II, not James I, and was used originally to identify those who followed him or held communication with him at the court of Louis XIV at St. Germain. Cromwell and William of Orange both inspired personal styles, the former because of the simplicity of Puritan ideas and costumes, the latter by his direct patronage, and that of his Dutch friends, of craftsmen, either natives of Holland or having taken refuge there, like Daniel Marot, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 made it perilous indeed for a Huguenot to try to live in Paris even though he were a favorite cabinet-maker to an all-powerful king. The Georges of England, being utterly devoid of artistic feeling, simply inspired a generic name for the style of 1714 to 1745, viz., early Georgian, and from then on starting with Chippendale a new

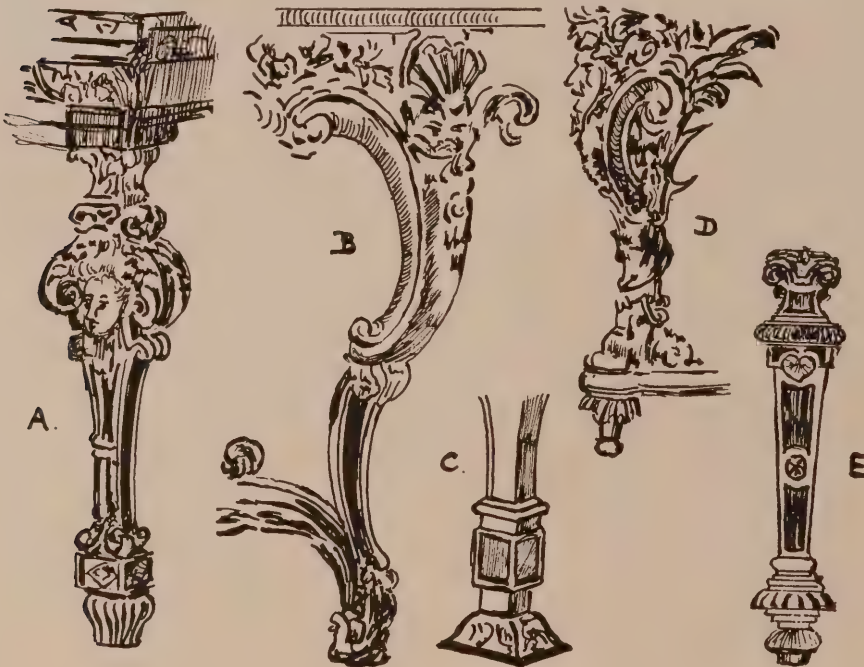
fashion came in of giving to furniture the name of its designer, thereby indicating that the craftsman had, as it were, taken command, and himself formed the styles and the public taste required for the absorption of their products.

Now Louis XIV was, first and foremost, a monarch of great personality, with overweening pride, partly in himself, but chiefly in his country and the greatness of her name. "L'État, c'est moi" and ambition for himself and for France in the eyes of Louis XIV and even his people were one and the same thing. France was forever delivered from the Italianism of the Medicis and their satellites, although it took some time for French artists and craftsmen to convince Louis of the meretricious quality of the architect and sculptor, Giovanni Bernini (1598-1680), one of the architects of St.

Peter's in Rome, and rejoicing at that time in the reputation of being one of the greatest artists of the day. Louis, who in 1661 had taken the title of the "Roi-Soleil," and had risen so high in his own estimation as to consider himself a "vice-Dieu," a vicegerent of God, had not been able to resist the temptation of inviting to France so famous a celebrity as Bernini. Upon his arrival he requested him to make plans for the termination of the Palace of the Louvre on the side facing the old Church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, whence had rung out the fatal tocsin of St. Bartholomew's Eve. But, in spite of Louis' love of the gaudy and ostentatious, the Italian was worsted in the contest by a Frenchman, Claude Perrault, whose plans, impos-



LOUIS XIII CHAIR WITH PEDESTAL LEGS
WITHOUT A STRETCHER



LOUIS XIV TABLE, CONSOLE AND
CHAIR LEG TYPES

C, E: EARLY TYPES
A: CIRCA 20 YEARS LATER
B, D: LATE STYLES



LOUIS XIV ATTRIBUTE OR
PANEL ORNAMENT

ing as they are, clash terribly with the pure Renaissance inner court of Pierre Lescot, and break all rules of classic proportions with their double columns and strange inter-columniation. Now, as a result of this ambition to place his country in the forefront of the art world, and imbued with the knowledge that

anything in the shape of pageantry, glitter and show makes a stronger and more direct appeal to the general public than the purer, more chaste, forms, Louis XIV gathered around him the most brilliant artists he could find, principally among his own people. In 1662 he made the famous Jean Baptiste Colbert his Minister of Finance. Two years later he made him *Directeur des Batiments du Roi*, a title which carried with it the superintendency of public buildings, arts and manufactures, and again in 1669 entrusted him with the charge of the French navy. In all these capacities this brilliant minister played an important role in the building up of the "Greater France," but it was in his second post that he offers the greatest interest here, although as Minister of Finance he so accumulated the resources of his country that the royal treasury was enabled to pass safely through a period of extravagant expenditures such as has never been equalled in western lands since the days of ancient Egypt except perhaps by that mad imitator of the "Grand Roi," Ludwig II of Bavaria, the patron of Richard Wagner, who in his palaces of Herrenchiemsee and the Hermitage and Neuschwanstein imitated

the most reprehensible side of his namesake's character without the saving qualities of his great love for France and his desire to make her name immortal in the annals of Art. Unfortunately, Louis XIV's love of display showed itself too much in the ephemeral forms of pageantry and lavish entertainments, to such an extent that Colbert



THE CHARACTERISTIC LOUIS XIV SHELL

was constantly forced to remonstrate with him, and on one occasion to write to his royal master, "A useless meal costing three thousand livres inflicts upon me incredible suffering for I consider it essential to refrain from all unnecessary expense in order that your Majesty may have millions to spend without stint whenever by doing so you may promote your glory and the great name of France."

Colbert, with his protégé, Charles Lebrun, was directly responsible for the renown of France in the realm of art, just as Richelieu had in his time done so much to promote the cause of *belles-lettres* and natural science by his foundation of the Académie Française (1632) and the Jardin des Plantes, respectively. In 1660, Lebrun, who was, with the religious painter of the life of St. Bruno, Eustache Lesueur, a pupil of Raphael's disciple, Simon Vouet, had painted a picture for Fontainebleau palace entitled the "Clemency of Alexander" which by its elaborate, rather grandiose, classicism made a strong appeal to this king, who loved to be portrayed in the armor and laurel-wreath of a Caesar. Two years after, Lebrun was appointed *Peintre du Roi*, the king's painter, in which capacity he decorated the famous gallery of Apollo in the Louvre, so



LOUIS XIV CHAIR WITH THE COMMONEST FORM
OF "X" STRETCHER

well known to travelers as the hall in which the crown jewels of France are now on exhibition. Colbert had seen Lebrun at work at the Chateau de Vaux, where Colbert's predecessor, Nicholas Fouquet, had surpassed even the royal magnificence and so brought about his own downfall, with perpetual imprisonment for his punishment.

Colbert, struck with the artist's evident capabilities for enhancing his lord's grandeur, caused him to receive the important appointment of director of the Gobelins tapestry factory.

In this capacity, Lebrun exercised an incalculable influence over the art products of the entire reign, and in spite of the strictly academic manner which he worked, his pictures are fascinating by their evident relation to the psychological feeling running throughout the kingdom during the reign of *le Grand Monarque*. Lebrun had one characteristic which will appeal to American readers. He was an inveterate worker, never yielding to flattery or a desire to exploit to the full his high position. Between the date of his appointment to the Gobelins and his death in 1690, he made the cartoons for nineteen sets of hangings, equal to no less than 17,153 yards (nearly 10 miles) of tapestries, while he also painted an immense number of pictures, mostly portraits and battle subjects; supervised and even designed in many cases the decorations of the new palaces of Versailles, Marly and St. Germain; drew up plans for a number of miscellaneous structures including churches such as St. Eustache, in front of the great markets in Paris, the splendid Versailles fountains, the Porte St. Martin and Porte St. Denis, the gates of Paris on the Boulevards—and even designed the superstructures of the great brilliantly-decorated ships of war for the new navy, and the royal plate; all this in addition to his routine work of supervising his principal job at the Gobelins factory. Lebrun also possessed the gift which the late Andrew Carnegie used to characterize as the essence of administrative genius, that of surrounding himself with capable assistants, and so we find working

under his supervision not only his fellow-countrymen but Flemish and Swiss and Italian artists and craftsmen, such as the famous Jean Jans and his son, who executed the great "Alexander" series of tapestries, the painters Van der Meulen, who executed battle scenes, Monnoyer, the flower painter, Noel and Antoine Coypel, and such skilful sculptors as Philippe Caffieri, the father of the great metal-worker of Louis XV, Jacques Caffieri, and Coysevox, and a number of prominent cabinet-makers among whom the most important were of course Charles André Boulle and Daniel Marot.

Among the great designers who were associated with Lebrun, though not actually his employés, were the famous Le Pautre and Jean Berain. Jean Berain's designs were usually light and airy, something after the manner of Raphael's decorative panels in the Vatican, while those of Le Pautre were heavier in their leafy scrollwork, and in a way more in keeping with the general tendency of the period. Berain was frequently inspired by the long-necked grotesques of Jacques du Cerceau, and his work was perhaps more original and French than that of Le Pautre who followed almost slavishly in much of his frieze work the work of the Roman sculptors. It is unnecessary for us to say more about these two men—as our space is limited—but we must stop a moment with Daniel Marot, on account of the important part he played in the evolution of furniture design not only in France but even in England. Daniel Marot revived the pedestal leg which had died away in France after a momentary appearance, *without a stretcher*, in the reign of Louis XIII, through the Italian influence which prevailed at that time. But Marot saw the possibilities of its fine proportions and



DESIGN FOR PILASTER BY JEAN BERAIN. NOTE THE RESEMBLANCE TO RAPHAEL'S FAMOUS PANELS



MARQUETERIE LIQUEUR CABINET

BY BOULLE

only happened when the pedestal leg had died out and been replaced by legs composed of a couple of reversed curves, which in their turn at the beginning of the eighteenth century became the cabriole leg. The origin of this cabriole leg was, of course, Flemish, derived from the "S" scroll turned on its end. At first it was turned straight to the front as we see it in Charles I English chairs. Then it was placed cornerwise and the "Dutch Cabriole leg" commenced its fifty-year reign. At the same time the backs lost some of their rectangularity, not only at the top but even on the sides, while the arms from running out from the back in perfect parallel lines, began to

good lines as had previously the sixteenth century Florentines, and he made it the basis of his style. The pure Daniel Marot leg is a square pedestal shape with an incut moulded neck, at the summit, a projecting ornamental moulding just below it and then a tapering shaft terminating in another projecting moulding and a square foot. And by the development of this type of leg and its successors can one place a date with almost mathematical precision on a Louis XIV chair. First, we find the absolutely rectilinear back, altogether devoid of any curves whatsoever, and completely upholstered. With it are pure rectilinear pedestal legs, and a diagonal stretcher in the form of a perfectly straight-lined "X." Then began to assert itself a feeling that a roundness here and there would relieve the severity without detracting from the dignity of the chair. So the pedestal leg still square in the tapering section was capped with an inverted cup of leaves or petals, such as acanthus or lotus, while the corners of the back were scrolled, thus breaking the straight top line. The stretcher of this date also began to curve, in the first of those reverse curves in different planes which are such a blot on the artistic shield of the early part of the *Grand Monarque's* reign. This type, however, died out almost as soon as it was born, probably because it made its first appearance on a royal chair—now in the Metropolitan Museum—and so immediately came in for the criticism of a highly-cultured and finely-perceptioned group of courtiers. Then the upholstered back began to lose its stiffness also, and the top line broke into a gentle serpentine arch, but this

splay outwards, first just at the ends, then along their whole length. In the first nineteen years of the eighteenth century, of which the last four belong properly to the Regency period, the furniture of the Louis Quatorze style approached so closely to the Rococo mode of the Regency period and the reign of Louis XV, the Well-Beloved, that many connoisseurs even are deceived as to their date, and museum attributions are in only too many cases erroneous. One point alone will, however, definitely place a chair and even a table or console, though in the last two instances the rule is less rigid, as Louis XIV or Louis XV. We have seen how the pedestal-legged chair, *without a stretcher*, illustrated here is Louis XIII. It is so classed by French experts—it is a well-known piece at the presidential *Palais de l'Elysée*, yet Strange in his "French Interiors, etc.," calls it Louis XIV, probably because of its legs. Now it can be laid down as definite rules: I. That a Louis XIII *French manner* chair has either no stretcher at all, or an "H" stretcher, that is to say, a bar on each side connecting the front and back legs, and another joining these two sidebars. II. That a Louis XIV chair always has a stretcher, and that that stretcher is always placed saltirewise, that is to say, diagonally, joining a right front leg to a left back leg. III. That Regency (1715-1723) chairs, in the first half of the period, approximately speaking, follow the Louis XIV stretcher rule, while in the second half they approach the Louis Quinze no-stretcher principle. IV. That a pure Louis XV chair has much shorter legs, which require no stretcher and there-

fore have none. These four laws are almost constant, the exceptions thereto being, when thoroughly examined, found to be later reproductions or frankly fraudulent copies of pieces of the Louis XV or Regency modes. The dates will always be found to be corroborated by other details such as the ubiquitous concave cockle-shell of Louis XIV, or the thickly-strewn carved flowers and foliage of the Regency. Naturally, only wide experience can provide the instinct for the true period of a piece of furniture, and this fact is the cause of three-quarters of the false attributions which do so much harm to the cause of connoisseurship in America, for the critic as a rule bases his attribution too much on certain minor points, such as a curvilinear leg and not enough on general feeling. The shell, previously mentioned, is the decorative motive *par excellence* of the Louis XIV period. It is found everywhere—see illustration—on the apron or valance of a chair, at corners above the leg, in the arm ends, in the cresting—though rarely—on an architectural cornerstone, in tapestry borders, in fact a pure Louis XIV work is seldom without it somewhere. It was a development of the shell-like crown that pagan grotesques wore in Renaissance carving, and underwent that strange evolution, through that loss of comprehension of the original meaning of which I spoke in my last article. In England, the shell became convex, the outside uppermost, on those on Queen Anne furniture. Chippendale used it in the French manner as did his disciple, that most brilliant of American cabinet-makers, William Savery, of Philadelphia, by whom there are a number of splendid pieces in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Louis XIV furniture is extremely ornate, but its decoration—aside from the work of Boulle and his school—consists of carving of the wood itself into scrolls and volutes and flowers and the typical shell. Louis XV pieces of the larger type, such as tables and desks and cabinets, are usually made with parquetté veneer panels as the main body and metal appliques—*cuivre doré* or as we call it ormolu—providing the rococo ornamentation. Volutes are as much a feature of the Louis XIV as of the Louis XV style, but that of the



QUEEN ANNE MARQUETERIE CHEST OF DRAWERS. DERIVED FROM THE DUTCH

former reign is a simple curve, curled in at the ends, whereas that of the latter is a double parallel curve joined together with bars modeled so as to form "O"-shaped holes between each pair. The French call these connecting bars *bretelles* or braces. The word rococo, which began to come into general use around the year 1718, is a corruption of two words, *rocaille* and *coquille*, rockery and shell, expressing the principal decorative motive of the Regency and the reign of Louis XV. But the shell, here, is not the Louis XIV cockle-shell, as some writers aver, but the volute, which is a sectional view of that mollusc.

The period style of Louis XIV was destined to play a most important role in the evolution of English eighteenth-century styles, although on account of the hiatus of nineteen years, during which English furniture design came under a pure Dutch domination, the influence of the *Grand Monarque* is almost unrecognized and the credit for influence upon the Early Georgian mode given to Louis XV. Even in France, the "eighteenth century" as an art term is generally taken to refer to the "*Bien-Aimé*," Louis XV. But whereas the pedestal leg of Daniel Marot, rounded to suit the English taste, was a direct child of that Louis XIV feature, it was an early one, while the ornate period of that monarch's reign was repeated in England, in the so-called "Decorated Queen Anne" and "Lion" sub-divisions of the Early Georgian style. This subject will be treated in our next article.

LOUIS DESSAR, TONALIST

AMONG the students who went to Paris in the last quarter of the nineteenth century to study with Bouguereau, Robert-Fleury, Benjamin Constant and at the *École des Beaux-*

Arts it became a tradition that every one of them who became a really first-rate figure painter was destined to "go in" for portraits. This tradition, when looked at in retrospect after nearly forty years, became an actuality in the beginning of the professional careers of most of these students.

Many of them, indeed, have become famous in that field, while others, after painting portraits for short or long periods of time, have abandoned that form of art chiefly because of an inability to harmonize their ideas with those of their sitters. What causes influenced these men who have turned away from portrait painting, as in the case of one who became our most renowned painter of sporting dogs, towards other categories of painting would furnish an interesting contribution to the psychology of art if they were all recorded. But no single one of such explanations would present so wholly artistic a rea-

son as does the case of Louis Paul Dessar who won his first public honor through a story-telling picture, was a portrait painter for nearly ten years, and yet is now best known as a painter of landscapes, almost the last of the school of American "Tonalists" who were the most popular artists of the country in the first decade of the twentieth century.

Dessar began his career as an art student in the schools of the National Academy of Design

Painter who began his artistic career as a portraitist later followed the Barbizon tradition of landscape

William B. M'GORMICK

in the 1880's, in that period when art in the United States was still feeling the first great awakening caused by the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, an event whose profound

influence on the arts and crafts in this country is too faintly acknowledged by our art historians, too little appreciated by lay students of these subjects. The foreign art shown at the Centennial, and more especially that of the French section, seemed to have in it an irresistible appeal, particu-

larly for our younger painters, and they responded to it by following the star to where it blazed over Paris. Dessar was among the second flight of young Americans who went to France to study in that era of the rise of the *Beaux Arts* as the dominating influence in art schools and as the successor to Munich in that role. For individual teachers he had Bouguereau and Robert-Fleury, the great Tony suggesting in class one day that Dessar should develop a painting from a sketch he had made. The young American went off to Etaples at the first opportunity and painted from studies made there "The Departure for

the Fishing" which won for him the third-class medal at the Salon of 1891. This work is now in the Omaha Art Galleries.

But the tradition of the honor-winning figure man of those teachers and that school unconsciously, perhaps, worked its spell on young Dessar who was not then twenty-five years old. The tradition operated with him for eight years after his return to the United States in 1892 and during all those years he painted portraits in New



LOUIS PAUL DESSAR

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald



"THE WOODCUTTERS"

BY LOUIS PAUL DESSAR

York in the winter, going to France every summer, his most famous subject of that time, although not his most important portrait, being Richard Croker the political boss of New York. The difference is marked between fame and importance owing to the fact that Dessar's resolution to shift his ground was formed while painting the portrait of a New York society woman in her own drawing-room in which were hung some of her husband's then famous collection of paintings. As Dessar stood in that room at work on the canvas, painted there for the sitter's convenience, surrounded by some of the most beautiful landscapes of the Barbizon school, these stirred him as he rarely had been by either portraiture or the figure.

As he worked there, so Dessar tells the story, with those calm and exquisite visions of the French countryside and forests spaced around the walls, there came to him the conviction that in such paintings there were preserved sounder traditions of the uttermost beauty in art, a more profound realization of its finest message, than can be found in the two *genres* he knew best and to which he had been devoting fifteen years of his life. By the time he finished the portrait he had determined that he must justify his conviction

through landscape humanized by workers in the fields and woods and the farm animals with which their toil is associated. The portrait completed he went to France putting such things away from him for good and all; and under the spell of those remembered canvases in that luxurious drawing-room, working in the French landscape, he wrought out of the portrait painting Dessar a new figure in the American art world, Dessar the "Tonalist."

Since the beginning of the second decade of the twentieth century the hitherto placid current of American art (disturbed violently only once—and that by the followers of the Impressionist school who broke away from the National Academy of Design to form the Society of American Artists) has been swirled this way and that under the coming of the schools of Cubism and its even more freakish successors. So many rows have been generated by the advent of these short-lived movements that memories of events in our art world before the "Armory Show" was held in New York must be limited to those who took an active part in them. And except to such, the place occupied by the Tonalists between 1900 and 1910 is scarcely known. As it was, in those years there



"MISTY MORNING"

BY LOUIS PAUL DESSAR

was little heard of in picture galleries or in art talk but the Tonalist school and of the men who followed it, Dessar, Kost, Minor, Bogert among others. All the leading collectors of American paintings bought these works eagerly, showed them in loan exhibitions with pride, and fought for them spiritedly and with many dollars.

But this Tonalist movement, in common with all art movements that are overdone by their disciples, came to an almost abrupt end before it was more than a few years old. Of its leading figures only Bogert and Dessar survive today and Dessar's conviction has never once failed him nor has success ever deserted him. Exhibiting less often than the average American landscape painter (a one-man show by him is practically unknown nowadays), he works steadily at such canvases as are reproduced in these pages, in his isolated home crowning Becket Hill near Lyme, Connecticut, from spring to late autumn, and in a studio in New York in the harshest winter months. His sheep wander slowly along tree-embowered lanes beneath a softly brilliant sky, his oxen and horses haul loads of wood through the same rustic thoroughfares, his woodcutters ply their long saws through felled trees, each one of these motives being found on his estate that spreads its six hun-

dred acres over farm and pasture and woodland. It was a part of Dessar's conviction as to the high qualities of those immortal French landscapes which so changed the current of his artistic life that sound craftsmanship was not the least of their attributes, and that such work is not accomplished dashingly but only after slow, laborious days. As a rule he spends two years working at one of his paintings before he is ready to have it leave his studio and this interval represents unfailing effort to acquire a soft but definite brilliancy and a quality of permanency that comes from his long and scientifically practical study of pigments and the action of light rays on them. If Austin Dobson, who in one of his charming poems complained of the scant time we have for art's delays, could have watched the slow progress of one of Dessar's canvases he might still have written that phrase but he could not have believed in it so firmly.

Dessar does not make a merit of this method of working. He simply believes that good work in creative art can not be arrived at otherwise. And by his slow, patient earnestness he arrives always at the kind of pictorial beauty which so fired his ambition when the world and he were twenty-five years younger.

Photographs by courtesy of the John Levy Galleries

ART *and* OTHER THINGS By GUY
EGLINGTON

THE OTHER DAY at luncheon a famous actress and eminent critic—this not being a day-book I can't mention names—were discussing what was wrong with the theatre. The actress complained of her audiences. She told of all the trying audiences she had had to play to, how they chattered, how they coughed, how they always laughed at the wrong places. In particular she told of a man who the week before had, from his seat in the front row of the stalls, carried on an enthralling and painfully audible conversation with himself all through the first act. She had glared at him, but to no effect. He was thoroughly contented with life. So, in the interval she had him removed.

We were all of course duly sympathetic, the critic especially so. For my own part I was a little sorry for the man, too. By the second act he would probably have been fast asleep, and I have always thought that to be able to sleep through a second act must be a most precious gift. But the critic thought differently. A drunken man in the front row of the stalls was to him a symbol of the disrespect in which the drama is popularly held. He propounded a theory. Children, he said, are brought up to respect poetry, music and painting. They are taken to children's symphony concerts at the age of seven, go to the Metropolitan for study hours every week. Thus a reverence for great art is instilled in childhood. But for the drama they are taught no such reverence. On the contrary, they are forbidden to go, until prohibition is powerless. At the worst the theatre is stigmatized as essentially immoral. At the best, it is just a "show," a form of extravagance and dissipation. Now were the child taught to reverence the drama in the same way that he is taught to reverence art and music, conditions in the theatre might be wholly different. Such was my friend the critic's argument.

I tried to protest, but words—alas—come slowly to me and I was drowned in a flood of eloquence. I could only boil at the suggestion, as I boil now at the very thought. With all its faults, the theatre is a human place; but to introduce a spirit of false reverence were to make it as inhuman as a concert hall or a museum. Friendly folks join in theatre parties, with dinner before and supper after and maybe dancing. Their faces are happy. They are out for a good time. But whoever saw a happy face in a museum? Whoever heard of a museum party? People go to a museum to be "educated," without knowing what

education means. They hate to seem ignorant. They want culture. Pah! What is the use of culture, of knowledge, of education, if their possession does not add a greater zest to life? What is the cultural value of an enforced interest concealing unutterable boredom? The theatregoers have the right spirit. They pay their money and ask only to be given a good time.

No theatre audience, however dumb, ever approached the dumbness of a museum crowd or concert audience. And if you doubt this statement consider for a moment that the prize audience in town, the Philadelphia, sat through and applauded a programme consisting of Bloch's *Solomon*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*, with Stravinsky's *Symphonies* sandwiched in between! Offer a theatre audience a bill of mixed Maeterlinck and Bernard Shaw and there will be a riot. They are no gourmets: but pickles and ice-cream!

My dear, let me retract my sympathy. On the contrary, you are fortunate to play to an audience of human beings. *En ce qui concerne l'art*, I positively long for the day when I shall see a drunken man in a museum. Oh for the day when a gay party sets off singing: "Let's go to the Met. and see old Botticelli." After all, why not? There is far more gaiety and life and vigor in the staidest of Florentine Madonnas than there is in the *Follies*. And that is sober truth.

And here is another bit of truth. Art is revered, granted. Well, as I write, Duveen has just opened the most astounding exhibition of Italian painting ever seen outside of Italy. The entrance fee is \$2 to be devoted to the Fifth Avenue Hospital. Were you there? Two dollars, I said. And a seat at the Music Box costs . . . ?

No one should be allowed inside a museum until he or she is of age, and the word "Art" should be given an improper connotation and thus erased from polite conversation.

If one could only clear away this cant of reverence one could breathe easier. A satirist is needed. One who would laugh impartially at artist and public. A titanic laughter might move mountains. And what rich material lies at his hand. Having slammed the art public here goes at the artist. A true story. It was at Neuilly, at the house of the worst sculptor in France. A charming man, of course, with a profound knowledge of Gothic. We sat at tea, Madame doing the honors, the master absent. We talked of post-

war conditions. Of how hard life was. Large dinner parties were almost out of the question, since servants had gotten so trying. Box parties at the opera were so rare. We thought of the town house at Neuilly, of the fourteenth century chateau entirely furnished with pure Gothic—and sighed sympathetically. Evidently life was hard. Those English were to blame. And Wilson. . . .

By way of changing the subject, we inquired after the Maitre. He was well. But—*belas*—he scarcely worked these days. He had lost heart. You see, said Madame, he knew every stone in the façade of Rheims. He had studied them since he was a child. He loved them. . . . And when Rheims was destroyed, he lost heart. What is the use, he said? If my work is to suffer the same fate, what is the use?

By way of reparation to French sculptors, another story, this time of Aristide Maillol. Maillol lives at Banyuls, on the Gulf of Lyons, a few miles from the Spanish frontier. It is the old province of Roussillon, that formed with Spanish Catalonia, for a hectic half century, part of the kingdom of Majorca, a pawn in the game between Their Majesties of France and Spain. The king of Majorca had his capital at Perpignan, where his splendid Citadelle even now stands, though vastly enlarged in later centuries and today degraded to the rank of barracks. All this has no direct bearing on the story, except to explain the fierce local pride of the Perpignanaise. It is the same pride that you encounter throughout the provinces of France, a legacy of feudal days when Provence and Aquitaine were real politics and France hardly yet a name. But in Roussillon this pride is intensified. The peasants speak, not French, but Catalan. The bourgeois too when at their ease. There is a Catalan literature, Catalan poetry, Catalan music. They are French—yes. And over the border they are Spanish. But deep down in their hearts they are neither French nor Spanish. They are free and independent Catalans.

So when a prominent local painter dies—what do they care whether Paris has ever heard of him?—they must do him honor. A committee is formed, a memorial projected. There must be a statue—costing of course as little as possible—flowers, eloquence, memorial odes. . . . Above all, the names of the committee must appear in all the local papers, together with their photographs.

The death of poor Terrus—for some reason he is always spoken of as *le pauvre Terrus*—afforded an excellent opportunity for flowers and eloquence. Terrus painted rather lovely landscapes, unambitious, but not without charm of color. Also he

was a true Catalan, coming from an old Elne family. So the inevitable committee was formed, on which Maillol, as a friend of the artist, was invited to serve. The inevitable financial discussion took place. Oratory was forthcoming in plenty, but precious little hard cash. So Maillol, who cares more for placing his work on a fine site in perpetuity than for any financial return, saved the situation by offering to donate the bronze head which he had made of Terrus some years before—you can find it in *The Arts* for February under the title of “Head of M. T.” The offer was made subject to two conditions, that Maillol should select the site, and that the committee should have a marble pedestal made, following Maillol’s design. The offer was joyfully accepted and plans went forward.

Thereupon Maillol was taken ill and forced to leave the conduct of the affair to his son. The site was duly chosen, the pedestal made, and the day of “inauguration” drew near. Maillol was just well enough to attend. When he arrived, the committee were all assembled; the mayor in state, surrounded by his councillors; the Perpignanaise in their best clothes, with flowers in their button-holes; relations of *le pauvre Terrus* from Elne; friends from Ceret and Port Vendres. The orators were ready with their eloquence, the poets with their odes, all the world with flowers. Maillol took his place, only glancing across to see that the bronze was in position. It was—but under it a pedestal—at the very thought Maillol’s beard begins to quiver and his speech to resemble a locomotive getting up speed—not Maillol’s design but—“*mais . . . mais . . . c’était une horreur!*” (The parsimonious committee had sought to improve on Maillol’s design and had commissioned a pedestal from a local architect.) His shoulders shaking with anger, Maillol strode through the crowd, seized the bronze in both hands, and tried to wrench it by main force from the pedestal. As it resisted, he picked up the nearest implement he could lay hands on—a hammer—and was proceeding to smash the marble when one of the committee, in terror for its safety, ran up and showed him how it was attached. Unscrewing the bolt that held it, Maillol lifted the bronze from the damaged pedestal, thrust it under his arm, elbowed his way through the crowd—and went home, leaving them with their eloquence, their odes and their flowers, in front of a decapitated and dishonored pedestal.

What followed is not recorded, for Maillol, who told me the story—marveling still at his own fury—did not stay to see. But the scene can be imagined. The whole town was split into two

factions; on the one hand the few supporters of Maillol; on the other the friends of the outraged architect, the family of Terrus, the committee, above all, the disappointed orators. The newspapers published violent attacks, written probably by the aforesaid orators. The partisans of Maillol replied. Finally an enterprising journalist on *Le Coq Catalan* decided to submit the matter to a higher court. He addressed a round-robin to all the leading sculptors in Paris—Bourdelle, Despiau, Bernard, Brancusi . . . , asking them whether in their opinion Maillol was justified in his action. The result was a triumph for Maillol. The sculptors were unanimous.

But the feud was not dead when I arrived in Banyuls, months later, though a partial rapprochement had been effected. A new pedestal had been made, faithful this time to Maillol's design, and the definite inauguration was to take place on the next Sunday. This time all went well, though the assembly was sadly diminished. The speeches were duly made, the odes declaimed. There were flowers, though not in such profusion. Half of the town at least was happy. The other half looked forward to the return match—*la revanche*.

In effect, another distinguished citizen had had the grace to die in the interval. A similar committee had been formed. Fresh odes were in process of composition. A bust had been ordered

of the worst sculptor in the neighborhood. And when I left Perpignan I saw, opposite the Maillol bronze, the rejected pedestal, neatly repaired.

Pauvre Terrus. . . .

Continuing in the same vein the following somewhat libelous verse and accompanying woodcut are too good to be passed by. I have no right to reprint them, but doubtless the publishers will not mind, if I state that they are from a little book of jingles entitled *Libellus Lapidum* (*The Little Book of the Stones*) by H. P. and D. J., printed and published at St. Dominic's Press, Ditchling, Sussex, and on sale at the bookstore of E. Weyhe. H. P. is one of the Pepler family and D. J. stands for David Jones, a pupil of Eric Gill. The St. Dominic's Press is run by Gill and Pepler.

EPSTEIN AND JOHN

*Epstein and John
have both "got on";
we should not scoff
if they both got off;
for, to mention
our intention
in saying this
which might be mis-
understood,
they seem too good
and tough
for the rich
to which
a Lavery is savoury
enough.*

Condolences to Sir William Lavery may be in order.

The first fact which emerges from this year's Salon (Exhibition of the Salons of America, Inc., independent society founded by the late Hamilton Field as a protest against the monopoly of management in the Independents) is that it is fatal to show a picture in New York. Someone is bound to copy it.

Of course, most of us have known that for years. The Renoir school (headed by Kenneth Hayes Miller and numbering how many scores of pupils?), the Pissarro school (immensely in vogue, endowed with academic sanction, and so numerous that it can not be centralized), the Cézanne school (waning in popularity; I should say that Grossman is now the leading exponent), to say nothing of the hundreds of paintings perpetrated yearly in the manner of van Gogh, Gauguin, Derain, Matisse, Picasso, etc., have taught us that it is as unsafe to place a picture near an American artist as it is to leave a child near an open fire; with this



important difference, that in the one case there is likely to be a merry conflagration, while in the other one is lucky if one gets a pillar of smoke! And this is true not merely of the "moderns" and their foreign models; the Academy is in no better way. The Carlsen school (I speak of his still-life manner) must have numbered well over a dozen, years ago, and as for the followers of Redfield, Madison Square Garden were barely large enough to show their work. (I note that the Metropolitan bought one of the latter the other day; not a Redfield, but it will be in fifty years, if the label gets lost.)

But the astonishing thing about this year's Salon is that it shows in striking fashion the rapidity with which a personality is able to impose himself. Thus in February the Whitney Studio Club gave an exhibition of Maillol's sculpture, at which some drawings were shown. And in March the New Gallery launched the Russian *décorateur* Soudeikine. Mind you, here it is no question of anything so intangible as an *influence*. The painters in question have deliberately abdicated their own eyes in favor of someone else's. It is like the old game that children still play of asking each other who, if they could change, they would like to be. All the girls plump for Mary Pickford, and the boys hesitate between Rudolf Valentino and Bill Hart. But whereas in the child's case the game may have a certain biological justification (vide the Shavian theory of creative evolution in *Man and Superman* and *Back to Methuselah*), in the artist's case it operates in precisely the opposite manner. Whereas the child will tend to expand by the imaginative effort of dramatizing himself into the personality of another, the artist tends inevitably to shrink by the shutting off of his own imagination and the adoption of a purely external *procédé*. N. B. It is not very hard to draw *somewhat like* Maillol. I have tried.

What is to be done about it? Most of us, who are quite content with a picture so long as it is reasonably well done, will say "Nothing." I demur. An obviously haunted picture is damnation. I don't care how distinguished the ghost is. He may be a great artist like Maillol or an illustrator like Soudeikine. It is no great matter. Indeed the second case may be preferable to the first. A copy of a Soudeikine is still an illustration, even if second hand. A copy of a Maillol is mere emptiness. No, the need is for a general protest against the whole tribe of plagiarists, however talented, however distinguished. After all, Monet and Pissarro were in their prime forty years ago. Cézanne has been dead eighteen years, Gauguin twenty-one and van Gogh over thirty! Even

since the Armory Show ten years have passed. Is it not time that the *retardataires* were laughed out of court?

After all, this is—or was to be—the age of the individualist. . . .

The second fact which emerges from this year's Salon is more promising. Modern American painting is beginning to crystalize and there are signs that the resultant will be as little like Picasso as it will be utterly unlike Sargent. The Cézanne—and other—esques had best look to their laurels. But this is a subject for next month, when we will discuss the whole season.

A word about sales. The "blind" auction of Jerome Blum's pictures at the Anderson Galleries has resulted in ninety-eight pictures being sold for around \$3000. While this is not "big business" as the newspapers understand it, its significance is in many respects far greater than the much advertised \$30,000 sales. One hears a great deal about the prices paid for Winslow Homers and their importance to American art. To my mind the purchase of a \$100 picture by a man of small means is infinitely more important than the purchase of a \$40,000 Winslow Homer by a millionaire collector. Indeed the advertizing of high prices tends to put art back into the class of unattainable luxuries, and frightens away potential buyers. In this sale (bids were placed in a sealed box, and the highest bidder became the owner, irrespective of price) *at least fifty people became picture owners who had never bought a picture before*. Sales like the Hartley-Rosenberg auction, the "Artists' Derby" and the Blum sale are slowly creating conditions under which the artist may in future be able to live.

Apropos of the portrait published in the May issue I have received the following:—

DEAR SIR:—

On page one-fifty-one of the May INTERNATIONAL STUDIO you have shown a portrait which immediately drew my attention. Unhesitatingly I looked for the name Nordfelt.

To your first question I say that I think it is splendid. I have already answered your second. To your third I say yes. To your fourth I say: I do not know of any American *portrait* painter capable of painting a head so full of power but I do know of an American *painter* who *can* and *does*. He is Nordfelt of Santa Fe.

Cordially yours,

(Signed) HOMER L. DODGE,

Professor of Physics,
The University of Oklahoma.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF
CHINESE SCULPTURE. *By Leigh Ashton.*
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$15.

THERE has been accumulating in recent years a body of magazine material on the subject of Chinese sculpture written by authorities like Berthold Laufer, Lawrence Binyon, Paul Pelliot, Edouard Chavannes and Stephen W. Bushell, but so far no book has appeared other than the portfolio devoted entirely to animal sculpture by H. d'Ardenne de Tizac, keeper of the Cernuschi Museum in Paris. Upon these and an occasional note in the bulletin of some museum the student of Chinese sculpture has been forced to depend. Yet the art of sculpture was one of the most important, if not the most important, of the varied expressions of Chinese creativeness, and there exist both in America and Europe many pieces of the first rank whose presence calls for just such a book as Mr. Ashton's. It is true, of course, that European scholarship has been able only in recent years to deal with any division of Chinese art, but the gap has been lessened noticeably by the appearance of a series, of which this volume is one, on the arts of China, some of the authors being Hobson, Waley, Hetherington and Pope-Hennessy.

The present volume, although a study of sculpture, provides the historical background which few readers are able to bring to the subject. Mr. Ashton goes back to the origins of sculpture in the distant Hsia period, beginning about 2200 B.C., and, noting the first objects that may be called sculpture, some bone carvings found on the site of the city of Yin of the Shang dynasty (1766-1122) and also the occasional bronzes of the Chou (1122-255 B.C.) and the Ch'in (221-210 B.C.) periods, he reaches the Han dynasty which supplies the first considerable number of works in stone, both in the round and in relief. Since the book was published word has come from China of the discovery by Carl W. Bishop of the Freer Gallery of Art of some stone sculpture in the Wei Valley near the great stone horse, at the grave of the general Ho Chü-p'ing (117 B.C.), which is illustrated in Mr. Ashton's book. The Han period is pre-Buddhistic, and the sculptures that survive, including the remarkable bas-reliefs whose influence persisted through succeeding dynasties, are largely funerary. Buddhism entered China during the first century A.D. but its real influence in art did not make itself felt until the third or fourth century. It then took the field, and except for the animal sculptures which were inspired by a kind of symbolism that long antedated Buddhism, the sculptors of China rarely thought of any subjects other than the God of Mercy, Avalokitesvara, Maitreya, the manifestation of the Buddha as the God of Love, and Amida, the creator of the Western Paradise. In later times the identity of the God of Mercy, Avalokitesvara, became merged with the Goddess of Mercy, Kuan-yin, who is perhaps an earlier figure than that of the God, eclipsed for a time by the new beliefs. It was during the Sung epoch that the sexless divinities which had prevailed since the introduction of Buddhism were exchanged for those of feminine form as a result of the translation of the Tantric sutras and the worship of the Sakti or feminine energy of these deities.

There is a chapter on the distribution of cave sculpture in China and a map showing the location of the principal caves. There is a chapter on the detection of forgeries, and,

as an introduction to the whole book, there is a description of the materials used, which included, besides the conventional stone, wood and bronze, dry lacquer, employed in a process which is described in detail.

Of the more than seventy sculptures illustrated, the oldest is a Chou bronze in the Eumorfopoulos Collection, London, and the most beautiful a Kuan-yin of the Sung period from the same collection. Fully half of the illustrations outside of the funeral groups in China are in collections in this country. Among them is the beautiful pillar formed by four Bodhisattvas in the Metropolitan Museum, a stone figure of Maitreya from the Freer Gallery, a stone Avalokitesvara from the Havemeyer Collection, New York, a wooden statue of Kuan-yin from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and a kneeling Bodhisattva owned by Greville L. Winthrop of New York.

ENGLISH HOMES. PERIOD II—VOLUME I.
EARLY TUDOR, 1485-1558. *By H. Avery Tipping, M. A., F. S. A. Country Life, London.*
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$25.

MOST of the books on periods in architecture fall into one of two classes: either they are so technical that they interest only architects and decorators or, lacking scholarship, they seek general interest through sentimentality. It is therefore with great pleasure that one finds a book in which the author has been able to combine complete technical data and historical fact and incident in a way which will give satisfaction and enjoyment to both professional and layman.

The book may be divided into two parts; an introduction in which the origins and characteristics of the early Tudor style are explained, and detailed descriptions of twenty-seven of the finest examples of houses of the period. There are more than four hundred illustrations, reproduced from excellent and well-chosen photographs. These, with Mr. Tipping's text, will give the reader a clear comprehension of this style. In addition to that the author has used his material so well that a definite picture of England in the sixteenth century is given. It is evident that a great deal of careful research has gone into the making of this volume but the text is never heavy. One feels that Mr. Tipping has a complete grasp and a real fondness for his subject and so has been able to present it simply.

OLD MASTERS AND MODERN ART. *By Sir Charles Holmes. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.*

WHAT the director of the National Gallery in London has done in this volume is to write a glorified guide-book to the Italian sections of his museum or, to regard it from another viewpoint, a study of art limited to the field covered from Duccio to Guardi based on the works by these men included in the collections of the National Gallery. The seeker for light on modern art will find but little illumination through these pages and that only of a most reactionary kind, Sir Charles laying down the rule that it is only through the study of the old masters that the young artists of today may really learn the essentials of their trade. To those who care most for the old masters and enjoy reading competent critical studies of

them Sir Charles' text will afford great pleasure. He knows the paintings in his great gallery by heart. His memory is rich in anecdotes not too familiar. His enthusiasm is of a piece with these other qualities. And in spite of his deprecating air as to his work it is first rate, although the seeker for information about modern art will find little here. Selected to give point to the letterpress, the illustrations serve this purpose admirably and will help both reader and student.

OLD NAVAL PRINTS: THEIR ARTISTS & ENGRAVERS. By Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N. *The Studio, Limited, London. Price, 3 Guineas.*

ONE OF THE MINOR consequences of a war afloat is a sudden increase of interest on the part of landmen in many matters concerned with maritime affairs. Among collectors in the art world this takes the form of a desire to possess pictures of ships or to own a ship model or two. The publishers of Commander Robinson's work seek to satisfy the first of these ambitions. Of course a volume of reproductions of prints is simply a substitute for the real things, many of which are inaccessible to the average collector either because they are in museums or of such great rarity as to command prohibitive prices. As a substitute, however, this collection will serve its purpose admirably if the naval print collector is satisfied to end his record with the year 1815, when "the era of fighting under sails practically came to an end."

About one hundred prints are reproduced in the volume, twenty-four of them in color. Arranged chronological order they cover the period from the "Ark Royal" of 1587 to the capture of the "President" in 1815. Commander Robinson's text contains a modicum of consideration of the artistic aspects of these prints with an oversupply of British naval history, although each reproduction has beneath it a complete statement of its makers, publishers and dates. The historical note below Rosenberg's engravings of Huggins' picture of the capture of the American schooner "Gypsy" in the war of 1812 states she had "two ferocious dogs" on board that fought with the crew against the British boarding party, these being dogs of war in earnest.

THE ART OF FRESCO PAINTING. By R. La Montagne St. Hubert. *Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York. Price, \$1.50.*

THERE is a constant reminder of Cennino Cennini in this little book on the technique of fresco painting; it is equally direct and simple, although it has not the charm of the Italian. There are a regrettable number of typographical errors, and, even more unfortunately, the author, who gave this material in a series of lectures at the American School of Fine Arts at Fontainebleau, falls slightly short of perfect command of English. He falls so little short that this probably was not noticed in his lectures, but the reader is sometimes mystified. For instance, such a passage as this (he is contrasting the way in which the old masters transferred their sketches to the wall with modern methods) is rather difficult to figure out: "The criticism that I bring to bear on this old tradition of rough-casting the wall, and the summary sketch made by means of colors simply diluted with water but that the rough-cast, already dry, absorbs no more and which, remaining on the surface will find itself absorbed by the definite mortar, impregnating even to coloring it in places with these

colorations so lasting, of oxide of iron." However, this occasional ambiguity by no means nullifies the value of the book for the artist who is mastering the processes of fresco painting. It is crammed with directions, hints, cautions, based not only on the author's experience but also on that of his teacher, Paul Baudoin, a pupil of Puvis, who spent a life-time in wresting the secrets of fresco painting from the Primitives and from Giotto. This is literally a text book, describing step by step, the preparation of the wall, the mixing of the mortar, how to transfer the sketch to the wall, colors, brushes, patches, retouching and the application of gold. A final chapter on early French and Italian frescoes felicitates the former for their freedom from "sac-rilegious restoration," and laments the modern retouching which the latter have undergone, particularly in encaustic, which has given a heavy look to their color.

A SAMPLER OF CASTILLE. By Roger Fry. *The Hogarth Press, Richmond, England. Price, 25 shillings.*

ROGER FRY seldom adopts, in any of his writing, a pontifical air. In this book, the record of a holiday in Spain, there is almost no trace of the professional art critic on tour. There is, however, a pleasant series of comments and impressions of cities and towns, inns, palaces, cathedrals, artists and bootblacks. The essays are not precious or whimsical: they are the accounts of a man with sensitive perceptions of the things that have interested him. Through them all runs a quiet humor which is only too rare in a book whose underlying theme is art. Reproductions of sixteen drawings by the author are included in the volume.

TAPESTRIES OF THE LOWLANDS. By Heinrich Göbel. *Brentano's, New York. Price, \$15.*

THIS is the first of a series of four volumes which the author intends to be a complete history of tapestry weaving. In its present form, an English translation condensed from the German, Dr. Göbel presents over five hundred illustrations of Flemish tapestries, a series of plates of weavers' and manufacturers' marks and one hundred pages of condensed but illuminating text. This latter includes chapters on the making of tapestries, the interpretation of the designs and symbols and a review of the products and characteristics of each of the Flemish looms. In addition to the black and white illustrations there are two fine color plates. As a book of reference, both factual and pictorial, it is of real value.

MEDIAEVAL CRAFTSMANSHIP AND THE MODERN AMATEUR. By Newton Wethered. *Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, \$3.50.*

UNTIL one turns to the actual title page of Mr. Wethered's book and reads there the explanatory subtitle, "more particularly with reference to metal and enamel," its general title is completely misleading. Within the compass of the subject of craftwork in metal and enamel, however, the letterpress is first-rate as a guide to the amateur worker in these mediums who may wish to become a professional. In addition to explaining the joining of metals, it describes enameling in its several phases, the manipulation of sheet-metal, niello, casting in metal, casting in clay, and there is a chapter devoted to suggestions of color for woodwork. In its field this is a decidedly worth-while crafts guide for the amateur.

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

MANY books on English furniture do not even mention the delectable Windsor chair, which we all know and love. This is, perhaps, because no great cabinet-maker can lay claim to its design. It was probably country bred and its sturdy simplicity born of the lowly three-legged stool, an ancestor whose characteristics were easily reproduced. Almost any local carpenter could make a seat of one piece of wood and bore holes in it into which the legs were thrust. Of such a type were the first Windsors. Stick legs without a stretcher and the arms extended in one piece around the chair. Later the seat, to be more comfortable, was fashioned saddle-form, and there were variations in the number and shape of the spindles that formed the back.



ENGLISH WINDSOR CHAIR FROM STAIR & ANDREW

The varying forms of the splat are the clues which lead to the date of production. The finest designs were produced about 1740 to 1770, the cabriole legs being slender and well shaped and the fiddle back delicately ornamented. The wheel-back variety was a later development and when the horse-shoe or bow-back became popular, the splat was dispensed with entirely. Many of our own types were direct copies of the bow-back chairs. In the delightful studios of Stair & Andrew one can find many varieties of old

English Windsors and can study the subtle charm of line and proportion that gives them their distinction. They have long held their popularity and this may be due in part to the fact that they are really comfortable, a virtue denied many other examples of antique furniture.

LIGHTING is a subject upon which we have just begun to touch. With the modernists it plays a salient part, because the strong colors used in their decoration depend for their harmony and effect upon the modifications and subtleties of light. We are eliminating the chandelier which has its legitimate place in salon and ball-room, and the inverted dome which, unhappily, had and still has so great a vogue.

Much delightful pottery is made here in America, but we must concede that China and Japan have made the richest contributions to the potter's craft. The whole essence of their art seems hidden in the inscrutable mystery that clings to the magic hues that have found their



LAMP FROM YAMANAKA & COMPANY

way, we know not how, into the bowls and jars and vases of old China and Japan. When mounted, those rare old pieces make exquisite lamps. Yamanaka & Co. not only have brought many such beautiful examples to this country which they have transformed into lamps, but they have also utilized for this purpose delightful figures of gods and goddesses made of porcelain and bronze, jade and smoky crystal, lapis-lazuli and enamels, which were probably taken from ancient temples.

THERE is much to be said about the proper proportions of a lamp—not only should it conform to the size of the room and the table upon which it stands, but it should also portray a sense of balance, the base sturdily sustaining

the shade and the thing as a whole forming a beautiful composition. To achieve this will necessitate good judgment in selecting the shade. In contour it should harmonize with the lines of the bowl, vase or whatever form the lamp assumes, and its color must be wisely chosen both in relation to the lamp and the room. There are innumerable varieties of lamp shades ranging from those of the strictly "tailored" type to those flaunting frivolous frills, so that "style" also plays an important role in their choice. Miss St. John



SKETCH FOR A ROOM BY MISS ST. JOHN

specializes in assembling all kinds of lamps for all manner of rooms. She gathers together interesting bits of pottery, unique examples of carved wood, brass candles and bronze vases, some domestic, others imported, and transforms them into lamps, selecting those most appropriate to a given environment.

THERE is such a wealth of material to choose from when selecting curtains and draperies that one is apt to choose the wrong thing just from sheer bewilderment.



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IT HAS TAKEN us a little time to recover from the horrors of the "what-not" period, but at last we are able to appreciate the full beauty and usefulness of that rather princely piece of



SIXTEENTH CENTURY CABINET FROM A. KIMBEL & SON

furniture—the cabinet. Perhaps there is no other example of the cabinet-maker's art upon which such richness of craftsmanship and wealth of design has been lavished. There are some delightful examples of old cabinets to be had at A. Kimbel & Son—one, a fine old sixteenth century French piece embellished with handsome carving done in high relief.

THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

OF ALL the "Old Masters" modern painters are most in sympathy with Giotto and El Greco. And, in any discussion of art, these two names stand for fixed quantities, for an approach, at least, to finality in their respective schools. Whereas Giotto has for centuries been recognized as one of the greatest artists it is only within recent years that El Greco has been brought out from the obscurity which enveloped him for so long. Even today the work of this master is by no means as widely known as its quality warrants. Many of the lesser Italians are more familiar than this Greco who lived and worked in Spain. For this reason, and because of the relation between his work and some of the best that is being done today INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will publish, in the next issue, a splendidly illustrated article by Justin Blake on this painter's life and work. It is written from a catholic point of view, since the author believes that all works of art, no matter of what period, have a common quality. He has tried to show the close relationship between the work of El Greco, admitted to be great art by even the most conservative, and that of some of the so-called modern painters about whom there is, also among conservatives, some doubt. Whether he succeeds or not is for the reader to judge.

IN THE AUGUST issue INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is going to try an experiment. In that number will be a story by Stephen Chalmers, a fiction story, which he calls *The Man Who Couldn't Paint*. It is quite long—in other publications it would be called a novelette. The scene is in Laguna, California, among the artists who make up the colony there. It is the story of a man who won an immediate, but unmerited, success as a painter, a man whose real abilities were of a totally different kind. How he struggled and failed and how he eventually, with the help of a girl, found himself, forms the plot. It is an unusual story, and both in the subject and in the telling has a close connection with art.

DURING the sixteenth, seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries the events of the day, political, judicial and scandalous, most of the things, except the radio pages, which make up the modern sensational newspaper, were announced to the public by broadsides. These were folio sheets, the earlier ones in black letter, frequently rhymed and illustrated by woodcuts. Often these woodcuts had no relation to the subject of the broadside, for, evidently, the printers had only a limited stock of cuts which they used for all occasions. But many of them were remarkable for their economy of line and decorative qualities and almost all of them were amusing. The ballads written for broadsides were the subject of scorn, not unmixed with envy, among the literati, since they enjoyed a greater popularity than the work of many of the more finished poets. Even then "best sellers" were considered low. Little has been published in American magazines about these old sheets, among the rarest prizes of the collector, which have historic, literary and artistic interest, and yet are full of a robust humor, a quality which Jo Pennington, in an article on "Broadside and Ballads" in the August issue, has preserved.

EARLY in the nineteenth century George Baxter began making color prints in England. For technical skill these

surpassed anything that had been previously attempted, and as a result of his work color printing was revolutionized. It is doubtful if any successor has bettered the technical quality of his prints. For the first part of his career he made copies of other artists' designs, but from 1839-1853 practically all his work was original. Although his intention was to put color reproductions within the reach of those of moderate means, and although he sold his prints for very low figures, those that can be found today command high prices. There are many enthusiastic collectors of "Baxters" in England. For the August number, Mrs. Gordon-Stables has written an article about these prints and the man who made them. It will be illustrated by several halftones and three reproductions in color.

THE SERried RANKS of brownstone houses in New York are being broken. For some of this relief the newer commercial buildings are responsible but in several cases the old houses have been remodeled and given new fronts. Where a number of these adjoin the effect is remarkable. They are not only pleasing in themselves but they show, by contrast, how unnecessarily ugly the chocolate soldiers of the Victorian era have made the city's streets. In the August issue there will be an article on one of the most interesting of these new groups, by George H. Shorey. This article will be illustrated by numerous reproductions both of photographs and of drawings by the author.

MALCOLM PARCELL is a young artist who was first introduced to the metropolitan art world through his prize-winning canvas in the exhibition of the National Academy of Design in 1919. He was represented in the Carnegie Institute show in 1920. In May of this year the Macbeth Galleries gave an exhibition of his work which completely fulfilled the promise of the few pictures he had previously shown. William B. McCormick has written an article about Parcell's work which will appear in the next issue. He has made particular reference to the excellent quality of the artist's portraits and to the remarkable poetic strain which pervades his work. The painter's range is wide. He has done splendid work in portraiture, landscape and figure painting. That this young painter has marked talent is evident and readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will be interested to see the examples of his production which will be used as illustrations.

FREDERICK SOLDWEDEL, whose water-color "Swans" is reproduced on the cover of this issue, is an architect and decorator as well as a painter. His training and practice as an architect have unquestionably given firmness to his draughtsmanship but his color sense is that of an artist. The drawing which we use as a cover is one of several studies of swans which Mr. Soldwedel has painted. Thirty of these were shown recently in New York at the gallery of Kips, Ltd. His work in water color is not confined, however, to the depiction of swans. In a previous exhibition Mr. Soldwedel showed several landscape studies which he had made in California. These were particularly notable for their fresh and brilliant color.

Peyton Buswell



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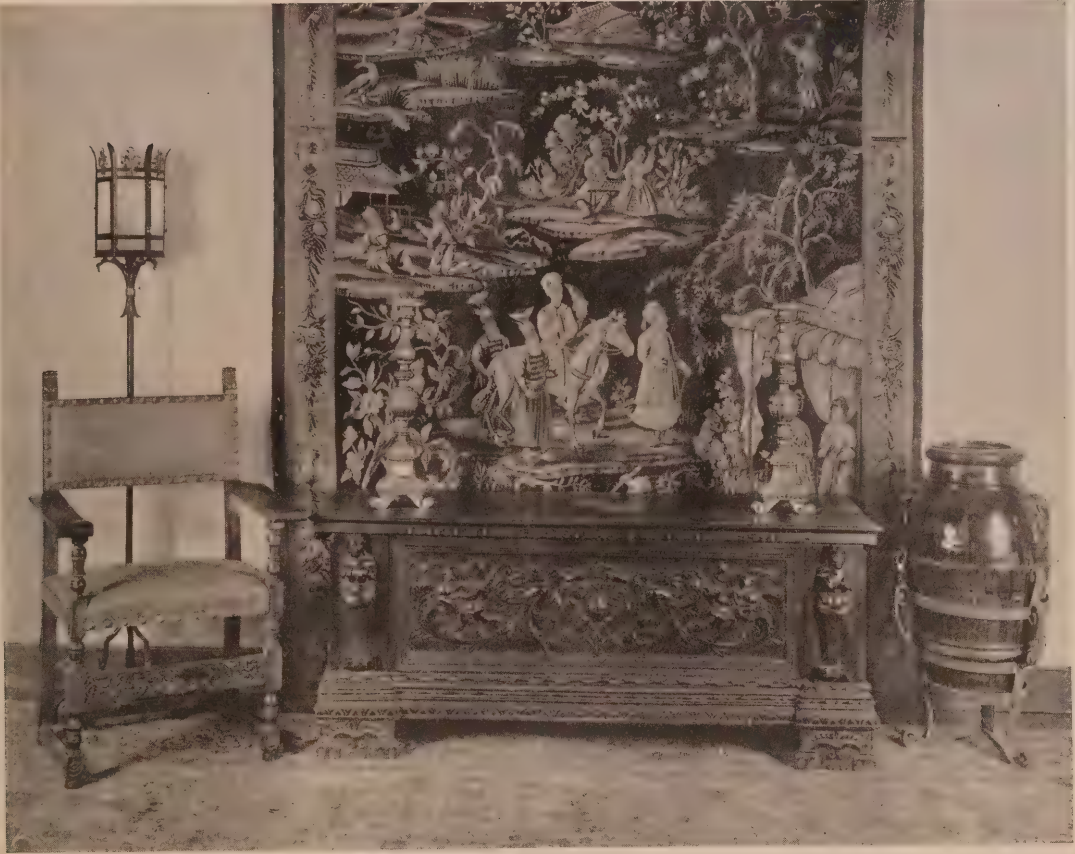
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The picture is that referred to in the Diary of the 11th June, 1662. In the back of the frame is a facsimile of the petition in Pepys' own handwriting countersigned by James II a few days previous to his flight from England, that the arrears of £28,000 odd, sterling due to Mr. Pepys from the then government, should be paid to him. The debt is still outstanding.

The medallion signed on the back, J. Cavalier fecit A.D. 1683, is inscribed round the rim as follows SAM. PEPYS. CAR. ET. JAC. ANGL. REGIB. A. SECRETIS, ADMIRALIAE.

For further particulars of these documents, invaluable to every Pepys lover, in a form which will not be repeated, information will be given in this space shortly, when the necessary arrangements have been made for their sale in the U.S.A.



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	NO.
Contemporary Art in England	Clive Bell 172
"Primitive" Tendency in Modern Art	A. Clutton Brock 100
French Painting in the Nineteenth Century	Lionel Cust 149
Memories of Degas	George Moore 178, 179
Degas	Walter Sickert 176
"Madame Charpentier" and Her Family, by Renoir	Léonce Bénédité 57
Manet at the National Gallery	Lionel Cust 168
The Art of Albert P. Ryder	Roger Fry 61
"Paul Cézanne," by Ambrose Vollard; Paris, 1915	Roger Fry 173
On a Composition by Gauguin	Roger Fry 180
Vincent Van Gogh	R. Mayer-Riefstahl 92, 93
Puvis de Chavannes	Chas. Ricketts 61
Vincent Van Gogh, Letters	F. Melian Stawell 99
Line as a Means of Expression in Modern Art	Roger Fry 189, 191
Six Drawings by Rodin	Randolph Schwabe 188
Post Impressionism and Aesthetics	Clive Bell 118
Art in a Socialism	Roger Fry 157
The New Movement in Art in its Relation to Life	Roger Fry 175
The True Futurism	Walter Sickert 156
Cézanne	Maurice Denis 82, 83
The Sculptures of Maillol	Roger Fry 85
The Post Impressionists	A. Clutton Brock 94
M. Larinow and the Russian Ballet	Roger Fry 192
Modern Art at the Victorian Art Gallery, Bath	W. G. Constable 203
Georges Seurat	André Salmon 210
Modern Painting in a Collection of Ancient Art	Roger Fry 213
Othon Friesz	Clive Bell 219
French Art of the Nineteenth Century	Walter Sickert and Roger Fry 231

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Aug. 2	New York	Bremen	Southampton, Cherbourg	United States	Geo. Washington
Aug. 2	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United American	Hansa
Aug. 2	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Aug. 2	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
Aug. 5	New York	Bremen	Southampton, Cherbourg, Queenstown	United States	Republic
Aug. 5	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	United American	Resolute
Aug. 6	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau
Aug. 6	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Melita
Aug. 6	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Aug. 6	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
Aug. 7	Quebec	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier
Aug. 7	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United American	Wuerttemberg
Aug. 7	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Belgenland
Aug. 7	Boston	Liverpool	Direct	White Star	Vedic
Aug. 7	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Samaria
Aug. 7	Quebec	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia
Aug. 7	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Laconia
Aug. 8	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
Aug. 8	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Cassandra
Aug. 9	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	President Roosevelt
Aug. 9	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United American	Deutschland
Aug. 9	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
Aug. 9	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric
Aug. 9	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star	Megantic
Aug. 9	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Franconia
Aug. 9	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
Aug. 9	New York	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Lancastria
Aug. 12	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffren
Aug. 13	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	America
Aug. 13	Quebec	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France
Aug. 13	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Aug. 14	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
Aug. 14	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Lapland
Aug. 15	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
Aug. 15	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Saturnia
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Aug. 16	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Lafayette
Aug. 16	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	United American	Cleveland
Aug. 16	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Aug. 16	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic
Aug. 16	New York	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Saxonia
Aug. 19	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	La Bourdonnais
Aug. 19	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	United American	Reliance
Aug. 19	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	White Star	Pittsburgh
Aug. 20	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Aug. 20	Montreal	Antwerp	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa
Aug. 20	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania
Aug. 21	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama
Aug. 21	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United American	Thuringa
Aug. 21	New York	Genoa	Azores, Naples, Gibraltar	White Star	Arabic
Aug. 21	Quebec	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Carmania
Aug. 21	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	California
Aug. 22	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montroyal
Aug. 22	Boston	Genoa	Azores, Naples, Gibraltar	White Star	Arabic
Aug. 23	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth, Queenstown	United States	President Harding
Aug. 23	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United American	Mount Clay
Aug. 23	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Aug. 23	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
Aug. 23	New York	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Albania
Aug. 23	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
Aug. 24	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
Aug. 27	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Aug. 27	Quebec	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland
Aug. 27	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Aug. 28	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marloch
Aug. 28	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Zeeland
Aug. 29	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm
Aug. 29	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Athenia
Aug. 30	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United American	Albert Ballin
Aug. 30	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
Aug. 30	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
Aug. 30	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star	Doric
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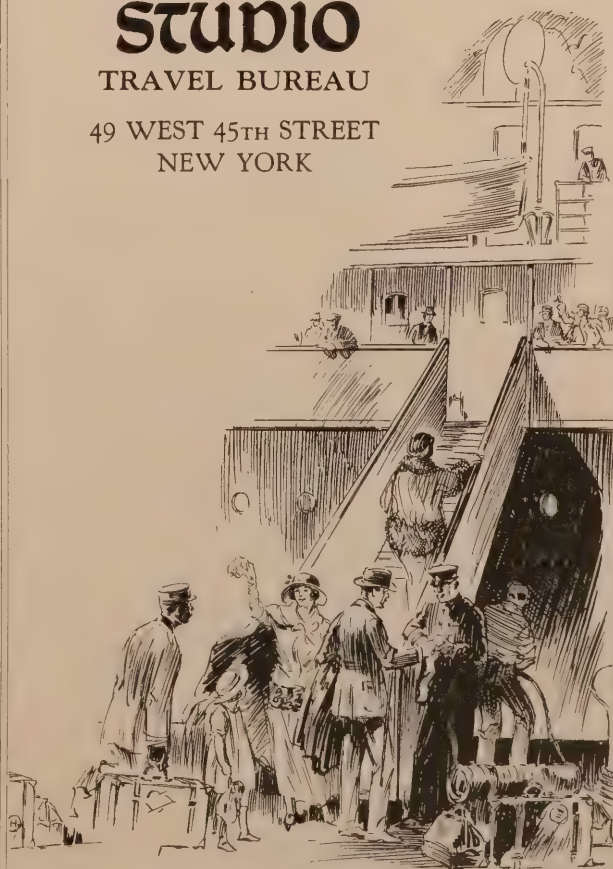
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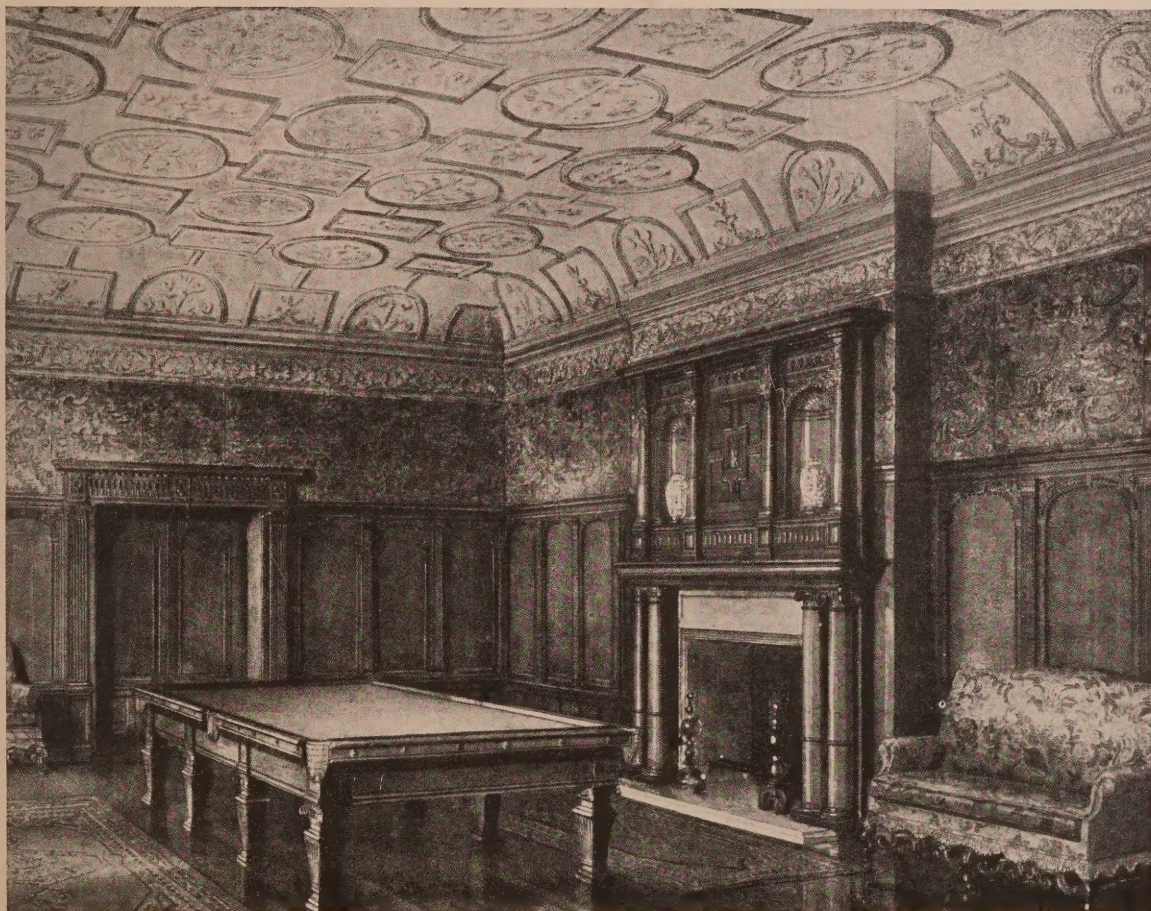
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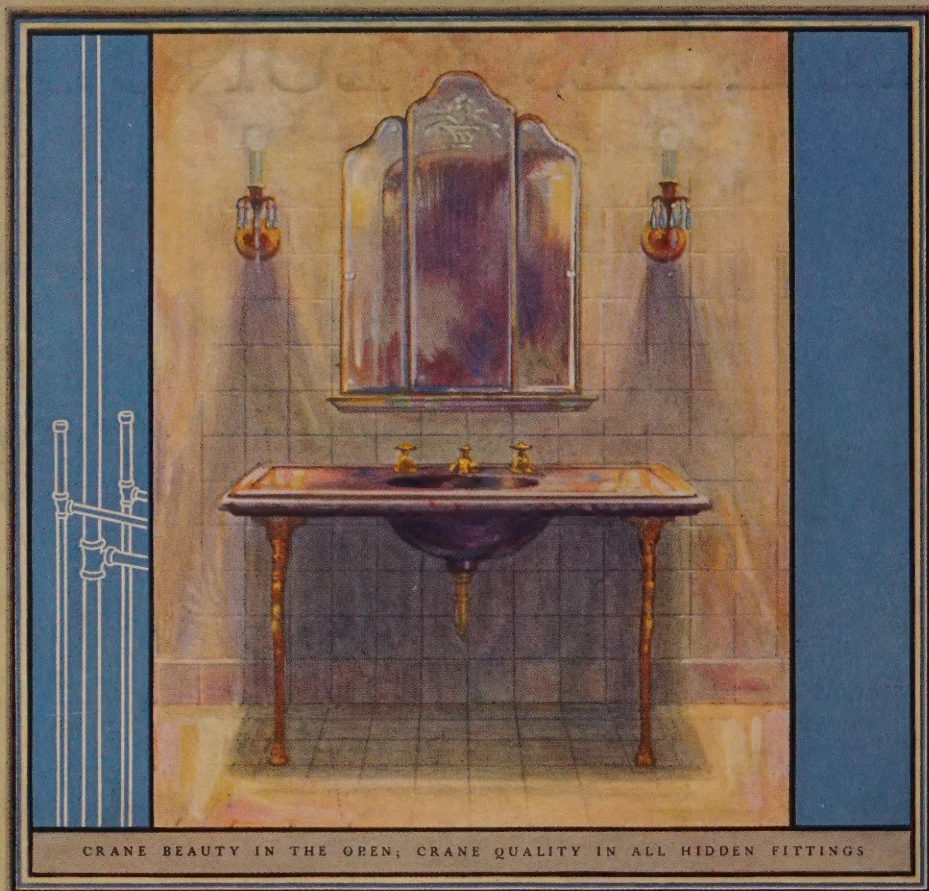


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